



3 1761 04612269 3

HOME RHYMES

EDGAR A. GUEST




Presented to the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

by the

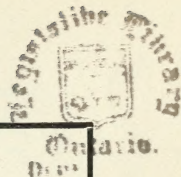
ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

1980



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

20294

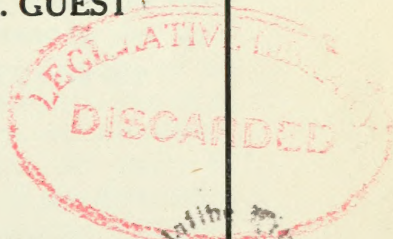


Home Rhymes

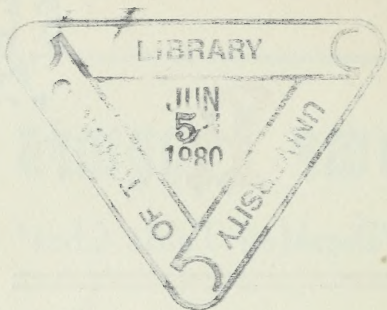
Pacton

From "Breakfast Table Chat"

16er
1891-1979
By EDGAR A. GUEST



DONE INTO A BOOK by Harry R. Guest
in the Year Nineteen Hundred and Nine
at Detroit, Michigan in the United States, and
COPYRIGHTED BY THE AUTHOR



TO MY WIFE

And the Sacred Memory of Our Little Daughter

FLORENCE DOROTHY

This Book is Affectionately Dedicated

E. A. G.

brief

PSA

00024155

Foreword

IN PRESENTING this little volume of verses the author wishes first to express his appreciation of the kindness of those friends who have made its publication possible.

Under the caption, "Breakfast Table Chat," these rhymes have all appeared in The Detroit Free Press from time to time. The author wishes to acknowledge here his great debt of gratitude to the owners and editors of The Detroit Free Press for their kindness in permitting the re-publication of his work, their generous assistance to him at all times, their encouragement and helpfulness.


To the author's brother, Mr. Harry R. Guest, much of the credit for this little volume is due, as every line of type used in its preparation was hand set by him. No other hands but his have shared in the actual making of the book. It was a work of many months, and stands as an instance of industry, patience and devotion to a brother's cause.

The selection of verses was made with a view to preserving, as far as possible, the

simpler rhymes of home. The little events of every day life, the laughable, discomfoting and sorrowing incidents that occur daily have been the source of the author's inspiration. If but here and there a true note has been sounded, if the song that was written to cheer has really cheered, the author will feel that his labor has not been in vain.

EDGAR A. GUEST

Detroit, Michigan,
October 20th, 1909.



Contents

Hope	-	-	-	-	-	11
Baby's Birthday	-	-	-	-	-	13
The Baby's Help	-	-	-	-	-	15
A Song	-	-	-	-	-	17
The Old Lady	-	-	-	-	-	18
Friendship	-	-	-	-	-	19
Wondering	-	-	-	-	-	20
He Smiled His Way	-	-	-	-	-	21
The Lover of Children	-	-	-	-	-	22
Off to Sunday School	-	-	-	-	-	23
The Tired Child	-	-	-	-	-	25
It's Life	-	-	-	-	-	27
The Old Man's Advice to His Son	-	-	-	-	-	29
Our Baby	-	-	-	-	-	32
A Dramatic Criticism	-	-	-	-	-	33
If Somebody Loves You	-	-	-	-	-	35
A Toast to the Men	-	-	-	-	-	37
The Comforters	-	-	-	-	-	39
Girls	-	-	-	-	-	41
Mother Songs	-	-	-	-	-	43
Forgiveness	-	-	-	-	-	45
Life Is Worth While	-	-	-	-	-	46
That Boy O' Mine	-	-	-	-	-	47
My Choice	-	-	-	-	-	49
Father	-	-	-	-	-	50



Bobbie	-	-	-	-	-	52
October Dreams	-	-	-	-	-	54
The First Sweetheart	-	-	-	-	-	56
A Hint	-	-	-	-	-	58
Two Roads	-	-	-	-	-	59
Christmas in Heaven	-	-	-	-	-	62
A Beautiful Day	-	-	-	-	-	64
The First Mutiny	-	-	-	-	-	65
High-Chair Days	-	-	-	-	-	67
Carpet Land	-	-	-	-	-	68
A Song	-	-	-	-	-	69
The Bachelor's Soliloquy	-	-	-	-	-	70
The Disappointed Boy	-	-	-	-	-	72
Thanksgiving	-	-	-	-	-	74
Some Day	-	-	-	-	-	76
The Days to Come	-	-	-	-	-	78
Think	-	-	-	-	-	80
A Change of Heart	-	-	-	-	-	81
The Bargain Sale and Flattened Purse	-	-	-	-	-	83
Into Each Day	-	-	-	-	-	84
They're Back	-	-	-	-	-	86
The Cribbage Championship	-	-	-	-	-	88
Baby Girl of Mine	-	-	-	-	-	91
The Callers	-	-	-	-	-	92
Good Old World	-	-	-	-	-	93
Singin' Hymns on Sunday	-	-	-	-	-	94
Strange	-	-	-	-	-	96
Chipping In for Mother	-	-	-	-	-	97
The Baby's Hour	-	-	-	-	-	100
Wishing	-	-	-	-	-	103

The Optimist	-	-	-	-	104
Old Bill	-	-	-	-	106
The Wreck of the Pedro Club	-	-	-	-	108
The Little Boy Who Did n't Pass	-	-	-	-	110
When a Little Baby Dies	-	-	-	-	112
Life's Bill of Fare	-	-	-	-	113
Father's Bad Record	-	-	-	-	114
The "Must Not" Parents	-	-	-	-	116
Abe Wilkins' Philosophy	-	-	-	-	118
The Little Orphan	-	-	-	-	120
Sadness	-	-	-	-	122
The Present	-	-	-	-	124
The Song of Loved Ones	-	-	-	-	125
Memorial Day	-	-	-	-	126
The See-Saw World	-	-	-	-	128
Christmas	-	-	-	-	129
The Dead Roses	-	-	-	-	132
Give Me the Man	-	-	-	-	133
The Little Woman	-	-	-	-	134
Come Back, You Little Feller	-	-	-	-	136
Grown Up	-	-	-	-	139
He Never Had Time	-	-	-	-	141
Trudge On	-	-	-	-	143
The Song of the Chauffeur	-	-	-	-	144
Life's Road	-	-	-	-	145
Youth and Age	-	-	-	-	146
I Never Knew	-	-	-	-	147
The Grouch	-	-	-	-	148
The Happy Medium	-	-	-	-	149
The Summer Cottage Dinner	-	-	-	-	150

Puzzled	-	-	-	-	-	152
Her Vows	-	-	-	-	-	154
Heroes at Home	-	-	-	-	-	156
Waiting	-	-	-	-	-	158
It Is n't Luck	-	-	-	-	-	160
Life	-	-	-	-	-	161
A Song of June	-	-	-	-	-	162
A Mother's Plea	-	-	-	-	-	164
He Loves Her	-	-	-	-	-	166
Patience	-	-	-	-	-	167
Daddy's Pockets	-	-	-	-	-	168
A Lullaby	-	-	-	-	-	169
A Ballad of Grouchy Spells	-	-	-	-	-	170
The Whistling Boy	-	-	-	-	-	171
Silent Pete's Hero	-	-	-	-	-	172

HOPE

MINE is a song of hope
For the days that lie before ;
For the grander things
The morrow brings
When the struggle days are o'er.
Dark be the clouds today,
Bitter the winds that blow,
But falter nor fail,
In the howling gale —
Comes peace in the afterglow.

Mine is the song of hope,
A song for the mother here ;
Who lulls to rest
The babe at breast,
And hopes for the brighter year.
Hope is the song she sings,
Hope is the prayer she prays ;
As she rocks her boy,
She dreams of the joy
He'll bring in the future days.

Mine is the song of hope,
 A song for the father, too ;
Whose right arm swings,
While his anvil sings
 A song of the journey through.
Hope is the star that guides,
 Hope is the father's sun ;
Far ahead he sees,
Through the waving trees,
 Sweet peace when his work is done.

Mine is the song of hope,
 Of hope that sustains us all ;
Be we young or old,
Be we weak or bold,
 Do we falter or even fall ;
Brightly the star of hope
 From the distance is shining still ;
And with courage new
We rise to do,
 For hope is the God of will.

THE GOOD die young, but this is n't true
of jokes.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY

THIS is your day, little babe in my arms,
Marking a year I have basked in your
charms ;

Marking a year I have drawn from your eyes
The light of my sun and the blue of my skies.

Oho ! Hip hooray !

For this your day,

So up to the ceiling and down for a kiss ;

So romp with your dad,

For his old heart is glad,

And he prays you'll have many more days
just like this.

This is your day, Laughing eyes, Ruby lips,
A year has gone by—how fast the time slips!—
Since you came to cheer and to thrill with
your art,

To tug at my beard and the strings of my heart.

Oho ! Hip hooray !

Yes, this is your day.

One kiss for your mother and then two for me ;

And while we are playing,

Your daddy is praying

That many more birthdays with him you will
see.

A year old today ! And to me now it seems
That you 've lived forever in all of my dreams.
A year old today ! And in that time, I swear,
My heart you have captured and built your
throne there.

I'm telling you true,
I've surrendered to you,
This old heart of mine is your fortress for aye!
And down through the years,
Through the sunshine and tears,
May you be as happy as I am today.

TOMORROW

Tomorrow is the day of days,
An end to sorrow —
So the poet always says —
Will come tomorrow.

Tomorrow — there's no day so fair,
It knows no sorrow ;
A day that banishes despair,
Joy rules tomorrow.

THE BABY'S HELP

LIPS of laughter, eyes of light,
Do you know your mission here ?
Sent to make the old world bright,
Sent us grown-up folks to cheer.
Little can you understand
Playing in the sunlight there,
Lips of laughter, that you make
My cross easier to bear.

Golden hair and rosy cheek,
Just a tiny little mite,
Little can you guess the part
You are playing in my fight.
Little do you know the help
You are giving me each day,
Keeping faith and hope alive,
Helping me along the way.

Chubby hand and tippy-toe,
Little do you ever dream
How you keep your daddy up,
Aiding him, when it must seem
He must fail and quit the fight ;
But his strength returns anew,
And he plunges in once more,
Just because he thinks of you.



Lips of laughter, eyes of light,
When I'm standing on the brink
Of disaster, and it seems
To the depths I'm going to sink,
Back my courage comes once more,
And my burdens lighter grow ;
But for you I might have been
Swamped by failure long ago.

CHEER

Bright days are coming,
Hum a little tune ;
On the road we're going
To the happy days o' June.
Skies are gray and cloudy,
What is that to you ?
Look into your sweetheart's eyes
And find a softer blue.

A SONG

THE wind it is eerie and chill, my dear,
As it sighs through the barren trees ;
And a dolorous song it sings, my dear,
Like a soul that is ill-at-ease.

For the sun that it loved is cold, my dear,
But the north wind still is true ;
And it longs for its warm embrace, my dear,
As my empty heart longs for you.

Time was when the wind was gay, my dear,
Time was when its song was light ;
When it tossed the shadows in play, my dear,
And danced through the starlit night.

Time was when I, too, was gay, my dear,
And the skies of my life were blue ;
But my summer has passed away, my dear,
And my weary heart yearns for you.

All the leaves from the trees of life, my dear,
Sadly to earth have flown ;
And a battered old heart is mine, my dear,
That gropes in the world alone.
And the dirge that the cold wind moans, my dear,
Is a wail for the joys it knew ;
But forever a sadder song, my dear,
My aching heart sings for you.



THE OLD LADY

THE honeymoon is over now,
The glamour of the wedding tour
Has rubbed and tarnished, very much
Like tapestry of gay velour.
She weeps no more because he fails
To kiss her when he says good-bye ;
He calls her his "old lady" now—
Of course that is the reason why.

She used to say her married life
Would never lose its primal charm,
Like lovers they would always be,
The prosy life was fraught with harm.
But times have changed ; she's settled down,
The dull and prosy days are nigh ;
He calls her his "old lady" now—
Of course that is the reason why.

Sometimes he wonders, too, why she
No longer meets him at the door,
And gives a kissing welcome, as
She used to do in days of yore.
He feels they're getting in a rut,
The good old days are slipping by ;
He calls her his "old lady" now—
Of course that is the reason why.

He means no disrespect, and yet
To her it has a grating sound ;
And oft she thinks, perhaps, that he
Is tired of having her around.
She feels his love is growing cold,
A fact she 's certain to deny ;
He calls her his " old lady " now—
That seems to be the reason why.

FRIENDSHIP

HOW sweet it is when skies are gray,
And hope is slipping from your heart,
To have a friend come up and say:
" Cheer up, old man, I 'll take your part."

When o'er the threshold of your home
Death's angel stalks and claims your bride ;
How sweet it is within the gloam,
To know a friend is at your side.

But when your life is bright and gay,
And you are basking in success ;
'Tis sweeter far to turn that day
To aid some brother in distress.

WONDERING

I WONDER if women are ever as nice
As they 're made to appear in a book ;
I wonder if they 're so afraid of the mice
As they 're made to appear in a book.
I wonder if girls always wear fluffy clothes ?
And peek-a-boo waists and open-work hose?
Do they always have trouble in landing their
beaux
As they 're made to have in a book?

I wonder if men are as brave and as bold
As they 're made to appear in a book ;
I wonder if men their love stories e'er told
As they 're made to appear in a book.
Do they think the bright things it is written
they say?
For the sake of a girl do they go far away?
Do they always get rich e'er they marry, I pray,
As they 're made to do in a book?

THE SHAME

There 's no disgrace in failing, lad,
Though friends and foes deride ;
In fact, a failure 's not so bad
As never having tried.

HE SMILED HIS WAY

WHEN obstacles beset his path
And grief became his share,
He ne'er gave way to bitter wrath,
To envy or despair.
Though worry sought to strike him down,
And endless seemed the day,
He ne'er was known to wear a frown—
He smiled his way.

He never fought, as others will
With bitterness of heart ;
But, smiling, traveled every hill
And bravely bore his part.
When sorely pressed by trouble, he
The kindest words would say ;
He bore his burdens cheerfully—
He smiled his way.

He traveled o'er the roughest roads
To reach the golden goal ;
He felt the sting of failure's goads,
That smarted in his soul.
But steadfastly he journeyed on,
Unmoved from day to day ;
And in the end a victory won—
He smiled his way.

In after years, when angels near
 To beckon me away ;
Like him, I hope to show no fear
 Nor breathe a wish to stay.
Like him, I would that I could go,
 Feeling that all would say :
“ He lived, beloved by friend and foe,
 He smiled his way.”

THE LOVER OF CHILDREN

I love the little children,
 And I like them on my knee ;
I like to hear their laughter,
 And their shouts of revelry.
I love their smiling faces
 And their little roguish tricks ;
I like to have them round me,
 But good gracious ! what a fix
I'm in because of loving,
 Here my trouble now begins ;
Though I love the little children,
 I had no desire for twins.

THE MAN who waits for something to turn up is usually the man who is oftenest turned down.

OFF TO SUNDAY SCHOOL



FF to Sunday School now they go,
Eyes Ablaze and Romping Sue ;
Over and over the verse they know,
Saying it just as we used to do.
“The Lord is my Shepherd,” says Eyes Ablaze,
“The Lord is my Shepherd,” says Romping
Sue ;
The psalm that was sung in the bygone days
Is sung again by those children two.

Off to Sunday School, hand in hand,
Like Christian soldiers they march away ;
Their hearts are young, but they understand
The peace that comes with the Sabbath day.
“The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,”
That is the lesson they ’ve learned to say ;
And the message of old comes back to haunt
My soul as I watch them march away.

Off to Sunday School ! Now they ’ve gone,
And I watch as they trudge the city street ;
The psalm in my soul is ringing on,
And I find that its verses I repeat.
“The Lord is my Shepherd,” what comfort
steals
To this heart of mine ! O, it’s saintly sweet !
What strengthening solace this psalm reveals,
The Lord is our Shepherd, He guides our feet!

Off to Sunday School now they go,
Hand in hand, those children mine;
And my heart is warm with a golden glow,
And my soul is warm with a love divine.
"The Lord is my Shepherd," they said it o'er,
Before they left, and they little knew
That their daddy was saying it, too, once more
In the trusting way, as he used to do.

A SONG

Beneath the snow
That's drifting, dear,
The violet's waiting
To appear.

And so, although
Your heart is torn,
'Tis out of grief
That love is born.

WHEN a man's picture occupies a place near the powder jar on a young lady's dressing table, it doesn't always follow that she is in love with him. Maybe she just wants to hide the powder jar.

THE TIRED CHILD

“**I**’SE tired, papa, take me up,”
I heard a little fellow say,
“Please take me in your arms and rock,
I want to go to sleep that way.”
And then I saw a cloud come down,
And settle on his father’s brow ;
“Don’t bother me,” I heard him say,
“You see your father’s busy now.”

“Oh, papa, for a little while,
Please let me sit upon your knee,”
I heard the little fellow beg,
“I’ll be as good as I can be.”
“Oh, run away,” his father said,
“You see your papa’s tired, too ;
Don’t bother him tonight, my boy,
Some other time for that will do.”

Ah, father ! What a sad mistake !
Some other time for tenderness !
Some other time to soothe the child
Who now beseeches your caress.
You know not but some other time
Will find you childless, sad and gray ;
And then, Oh, then, your heart will yearn
To hold the babe you sent away.

And when, in after years, you go
 To meet the Father of us all ;
And as a suppliant penitent,
 Before His knee you humbly fall,
Begging for mercy and His love,
 Pleading for His forgiveness, too ;
How will you answer Him, if He
 Should say : " Some other time will do ? "

THE THING

Enthusiasm is bizarre,
 It makes a grand stand play,
It starts off like a motor car,
 But wearies on the way.

Determination is the thing
 On which you can depend.
It plods along without a swing,
 But gets there in the end.

QUANY a bald man would wear a wig if he
 could only go somewhere where he's un-
known to break it in.

IT'S LIFE

IF your plans go wrong,
As they sometimes will,
And the hours seem long
As you climb the hill ;
Remember, my friend,
'Tis a part you play,
You 'll find in the end
A brighter day.
It's life.

If a heart grows cold
That warmed to you,
And a friend you hold
To be staunch and true
Has faithless turned,
Take heart, my friend,
'Tis a lesson learned,
With a bitter end.
It's life.

You may win great fame
And wealth today ;
Or taste of shame
And deep dismay.
You may lose or gain,
May rise or fall,
Both joy and pain
Must come to all.
It's life.

For every smile
There is a tear ;
For every mile
Both hope and fear ;
When some are gay
Some must be sad ;
Along our way
Are good and bad.
It's life.

Whate'er may be
Your share of woe,
Next day may see
You come to know
A joyful heart
And perfect rest ;
So play your part
And do your best.
It's life.

THE OLD MAN'S ADVICE
TO HIS SON

MY BOY, you're eighteen years today,
and I am seventy-two,
As you're the youngest of the flock,
some words I'll say to you;
You're going out into the world where every-
thing looks bright,
The sun is shining high today, the stars come
out at night;
But o'er the road you'll travel I have been and
know the way,
I know the difficulties you'll encounter day by
day.
You'll meet a heap of trouble, but the surest
way to fall
Is just to hold your head up high and claim to
know it all.

Before a plant bears blossoms it has first to
sprout and grow,
It can't burst forth in beauty with the going
of the snow.
Before a little baby walks it has to learn to
crawl,

The cow is first a wobbly calf, a hopeless thing
and small.

An actor that's a star today was yesterday a
supe,

Learning his art by toiling hard with some un-
certain troupe.

The greatest men on earth today were once
unknown and small,

They never acted in their youth as though
they knew it all.

My boy, there's one way to succeed, yes,
there is just one way,

Give up the best that's in you to the minor
part you play;

Don't think you ought to be a boss before
you've learned to serve,

But still aim high—the world will give to you
what you deserve.

Despise not little things, nor yet despise the
humble heart,

The ones that are beneath you now may pass
you when they start,

Be ever faithful, doing well whatever tasks
befall,

Learn something useful every day, but never
know it all.

Do not attempt to leap to power, use well
what power you've gained,
Remember that success by work, by hard
work is attained.
Be never discontented with your lot, for that
shows pride,
You've got to learn by easy steps the way to
strike your stride.
Know well yourself what you can do; your
limitations know,
And thus from doing little things to larger
tasks you'll grow.
To your employers loyal be, always at duty's
call,
And when success is yours at last, don't think
you know it all.

LIKE A DOG

"I'm working like a dog," he said,
"At night I walk the twins;
And when I have to leave my bed,
I often bark my shins."

THERE'S one advantage the rich girl has
over the poor girl—she doesn't have to
be beautiful.

OUR BABY

A LITTLE face all wreathed in smiles,
A little forehead crowned with gold;
A blossom gathered from the skies,
The Father gave to us to hold;
A dainty thing so pink and white,
With eyes forget-me-nots of blue;
God took him from His garden, where
The fairest of His flowers grew.

And then the angels kissed his cheeks,
And dimples straightaway appeared;
The kindly sun bestowed a smile
Upon the blossom God had reared.
Then silently the angels came,
When all the world had gone to rest;
And in the morning when we woke
We found the flower on mother's breast.

THE FLAW

I've noticed this, the fairest maid,
With hair like gold fine-spun,
With eyes of blue that beam on you,
Will sometimes say: "I done."

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM

THE dramatists air runnin' now to styles,
like wimmin folks,
They keep a certain kind o' plot, a cer-
tain kind o' jokes.

The villains look about the same, an' bite their
finger nails,

They scheme to break up happy homes by
tellin' nasty tales.

The bold adventuress in red flits on the scene,
of course,

An' urges on the hero to apply for a divorce.
But, after all, the kind o' plays that I prefer
to see

Are plays that deal with simple folks—they
most appeal to me.

I don't object to villainy, the kind we used to
know,

When fathers used to turn their daughters out
into the snow,

Because they loved and sinned, maybe; I'd
allus shed a tear,

A feelin' that the father was a trifle too severe;
There warn't no scandal-mongin', an' no high-
falutin' schemes,

Like those they dramatize today, but they
were homely themes ;
Why, fust we'd laugh, an' then we'd cry,
we'd sob an' then we'd smile —
Those homely plays of homely folks were jes'
the proper style.

I like the drama of the day way back in '93,
When James A. Hearne was livin', those were
plays I'd go to see.
"Shore Acres," with its light-house scene, an'
turkey dinner, too,
Was something I could sit an' watch, enjoyin'
it right through.
The modern drama may be grand, its social
problems deep ;
But after all there ain't a thing in them to
make you weep.
The sob an' smile ain't in 'em, your heart
ain't gripped an' torn,
The way it was in days before the modern
play was born.

THE TROUBLE is that people who sigh and
say : " O, well, I suppose I've got to grin
and bear it," usually forget to grin.

IF SOMEBODY LOVES YOU

IF somebody loves you,
You cannot be sad ;
You 've cause for rejoicing,
You 've cause to be glad.
You 've a subject for song
As you journey your way ;
If somebody loves you
You ought to be gay.

If a curly-head baby
Of four is your pride,
Chattering gaily
Along by your side ;
All trouble should vanish,
All care disappear,
If the baby who loves you
Is pattering near.

If you 've an old mother
Who loves you today ;
Your life should be merry,
Your work should be play.
For think of the motherless
Children there are,
Who still plod the roads
Leading ever so far.

If somebody loves you,
A wife or a child ;
A mother or father,
A friend who has smiled,
And taken your hand
In a friend's helping way;
You ought to be merry,
You ought to be gay.

For love, after all,
Is the purpose of life ;
The purpose of struggle,
And turmoil and strife.
If somebody loves you
Why worry and sigh ?
For love we are living,
And love cannot die.

LIFE is like a cocktail, made up for the most part of sweet things, and tinged with a dash of bitters. We must drain it to the dregs to get at the cherry, just as we must live a full and rounded life to know all its pleasures.

A TOAST TO THE MEN

Dedicated to the
Women

HERE 'S to the men ! Since Adam's
time
They 've always been the same ;
Whenever anything goes wrong,
The woman is to blame.
From early morn to late at night,
The men fault-finders are ;
They blame us if they oversleep,
Or if they miss a car.
They blame us if, beneath the bed,
Their collar buttons roll ;
They blame us if the fire is out
Or if there is no coal.
They blame us if they cut themselves
While shaving, and they swear
That we 're to blame if they decide
To go upon a tear.

Here 's to the men, the perfect men !
Who never are at fault ;
They blame us if they chance to get
The pepper for the salt.

They blame us if their business fails,
Or back a losing horse ;
And when it rains on holidays
The fault is ours, of course.
They blame us when they fall in love,
And when they married get ;
Likewise they blame us when they're sick,
And when they fall in debt.
For everything that crisscross goes
They say we are to blame ;
But, after all, here's to the men,
We love them just the same !

ABOUT GOLD FISH

I'd like to be a gold fish gay,
And wear a shining robe ;
Then, though I didn't own the earth,
I still would own the globe.

BEFORE MARRIAGE a man usually sows his wild oats. After marriage, if he does any sowing at all, it is not until after his wife has first dug the garden.

THE COMFORTERS

WHEN you're feeling blue and your
heart is sore

And the woes of the world lie all
before,

When your plans go wrong, and it seems to you
Defeat must come, spite of all you do ;
When your foes oppress in a bitter way,
Doesn't it cheer you a bit, I say,
When a baby boy or a baby girl,
With a laughing eye and a golden curl,
Toddles to you in a childish way
And asks for a kiss at the close of day?
Don't you take heart in an instant then?
Doesn't your courage come back again?

When you're out of sorts. when you're cross
and mean,
And only a sneer on your lip is seen ;
When you hate yourself for the things you've
done,
And you see no charm in the setting sun ;
When the world seems a black and a dismal
place,
If you catch a glimpse of a laughing face
And a baby toddles and takes your hand,
Just as though he could understand ;

And he prattles on in his childish way,
Of the fun he has had all the live-long day,
Don't you stoop down to that little tot,
And kiss him, and isn't your woe forgot?

Does anything matter on earth, I say,
So long as the baby loves you alway?
So long as the baby is there to cheer,
Life isn't wholly dark or drear.
And never was sorrow or pain or woe
That we are not able to overthrow,
If, after the long day's toil is done,
Comes a laughing girl or a romping son,
With a smiling face and a kiss to greet —
Then life is rosy and life is sweet,
And you love the world, and you count it bliss
To bear its woes for your baby's kiss.

WHICH IS WORSE

To marry for money is wrongful, of course,
And yet it is worse, I surmise.
To get it by waiting and waiting each day
Till some wealthy old relative dies.

GIRLS



GIRLS are most delightful creatures,
blessed with merry, smiling features,
Girls are incandescent globes that make
the whole world bright ;
Girls are seldom prosy preachers, though they
often serve as teachers,
Girls are loveliness combined with simon
pure delight.
Yet sometimes a girl can make you,
Shake you, rake you, aye and break you,
Take you to the dizzy heights of happiness —
the top ;
Where, when you are lost in rapture,
O'er your capture—she has trapped you—
Something very suddenly is going to take a drop.
It is true.
And what tumbles oft is you.

Girls are grown in beauty's garden, all the
flowers in fragrant Arden
Never were so beautiful as girls that live
today :
Every maid's a Dolly Varden, quick to anger,
quick to pardon,
Winning hearts from bearded men, then
tossing them away.

Yet sometimes a girl may land you,
Understand you and command you,
Hand you manacles that band you to herself
for aye.

And once manacled, girl-fashion,
Though your ashen face show passion,
You may never from her clutches hope to get
away.

It is true.
She will make a slave of you.

Girls are sometimes very willful, girls are often
very skillful,

And to try to understand them is folly in
extreme ;

Though of coin you have a till full, all your
offers will be ill full,

If a poor but handsome fellow is the knight
of her love dream.

Yet sometimes a maiden switches

To a man of riches, which is

A very mercenary, unromantic thing to do ;

And her poor but honest honey

Finds he's jilted been for money,

By the sunny maid who promised to be true.

It is true.

You never know what any girl will do.

MOTHER SONGS

MOTHER songs, it seems to me,
Are the sweetest, after all,
Songs about the candy tree
And the cradle that may fall.
By-low, babe, at mother's breast,
Rocking slowly to and fro ;
Yes, the mother songs are best
When she sings them soft and low.
“ Hush, my baby, go to sleep,
Mother now her watch will keep.
Rock-a-bye, soft and low,
Off to Bylow land we go.”

Where 's the singer that compares
With the gentle mother here ?
Dashing operatic airs
May be pleasing to the ear,
But the sweetest songs are those
Crooned when evening shadows fall,
Simple songs the mother knows,
When the sandman comes to call.
“ Sleep, my little one, gently sleep,
Angels guard o'er you will keep,
Fairies weave bright dreams for you,
Daddy will play when the night is
through.”

Oh, the world knows many songs,
Songs for sailors on the sea ;
Songs of rights and songs of wrongs ;
But the sweetest songs to me
Are the gentle lullabies
That a mother croons at night,
When her little baby cries —
Songs they are of pure delight.

“Hush ! Hush ! Go to rest,
Pretty babe, on mother’s breast.
Rock-a-bye, soft and low,
Off to dreamland now you go.”

IMPOSSIBLE

“Drink to me only with thine eyes,”
I sang to many lasses ;
“We can’t,” so ran their prompt replies,
“Because we don’t wear glasses.”

THE OLD ARGUMENT

Ere long the day
Will come, I say,
When angry words will pass between ’em ;
He ’ll catch the fish
To fill the dish,
Then try to get his wife to clean ’em.

FORGIVENESS

IT MAY be that some careless word
That I've let fall has pained a friend,
Or that some trifling thing occurred
To hurt, where I did not intend
To wound. It may be I have done
Unthinkingly great harm to you ;
If that is so, ere sets the sun,
For your forgiveness let me sue.

I would not wish to go to rest,
Or slumber on my couch at night
Had I caused you a troubled breast ;
Give me the chance to set it right ;
Go not your way believing me
Your enemy, but seek me out,
Let me explain, whate'er it be,
And free your soul from every doubt.

For human hearts are sensitive,
And rough is human speech, I ween ;
Friends very often chance to give
An unkind stab they didn't mean.
Go not your way, my friend, I pray,
In anger, striving me to shun ;
But ere the night has ended day
Come, let me know what I have done.

It may be that tomorrow's sun
I will not be allowed to see ;
My race this minute may be run,
With you still thinking ill of me.
I would not like to die that way,
My friend, if I have injured you,
Before the sun has set today,
For your forgiveness let me sue.

LIFE IS WORTH WHILE

Laugh trouble to scorn,
That's the one certain way ;
For trouble is born
And dies in a day.
Laugh worry to fear
And laugh at despair ;
Give a smile of good cheer,
And a farewell to care.

O, keep the heart merry,
And sing a gay song ;
'Tis easy to bury
The hatchet of wrong.
O, keep the mind easy,
Your lips in a smile ;
Be happy, be breezy,
And life is worth while.

THAT BOY O' MINE

THAT boy o' mine is a healthy lad,
With a streak of good and a streak of
bad ;

He isn't an angel with golden hair,
For mischief lurks in his eyes, I swear.
He's rough sometimes when he shouldn't be,
And he's willful, too, as we plainly see.
He wants his way in a thousand things,
But a heap of joy to my heart he brings,
When round my neck his arms entwine,
I thank the Lord for that boy o' mine.

That boy o' mine isn't always sweet,
He tracks the house with his muddy feet ;
He breaks his toys and he scares the cat,
And he never knows where to hang his hat.
With his sticky hands he marks the walls,
He scratches the paint in the rooms and halls.
But he always comes in the end to me,
And promises that a good boy he'll be ;
He gives me a kiss, and I straight resign
My battered old heart to that boy o' mine.

That boy o' mine has a temper, too,
And he has his faults, as all children do.
He's a boy for mischief, a boy for fun,
And his eyes are bright as the morning sun.
But, after all, we are pals, and he
Comes at night and together we
Go over the cares of the day, and plan
The things he will do when he's a man.
And deep in my heart is a golden shrine
I've built to the love of that boy o' mine.

That boy o' mine, neither good nor bad,
Just a rollicking, roughish lad.
Hand in hand down the street we go,
With the fires of youth are his cheeks aglow.
Mischievous? Yes. But with childish art
He's found the way to his daddy's heart.
Doing the things that at times annoy,
But filling my life with love and joy.
And I count it bliss, yes, I count it fine,
Just to be plagued by that boy o' mine.

QUITE A pretty poor man who can't afford the
time for a bit of fun.

MY CHOICE

I 'D rather be happy than sad,
I 'd rather be good than bad ;
I 'd rather rejoice, yes, this is my choice,
Than brood over troubles I 've had.
I 'd rather be modest than proud,
I 'd rather be quiet than loud ;
I 'd rather look up to the sky's golden cup,
Than walk with my head always bowed.

I 'd rather be healthy than sick,
I 'd rather be certain than quick,
I 'd rather be broke than have it be spoke
I grew rich by an underhand trick.
I 'd rather be sober than tight,
I 'd rather be kindly than fight,
Unless it were true, only fighting would do
The work to establish the right.

I 'd rather be free than a slave,
I 'd rather be noble than brave ;
I 'd rather be me with my babe on my knee,
Than the richest old man near the grave.
I 'd rather be lavish than mean,
I 'd rather my wife than a queen,
And I 'd rather my home than the splen-
dors of Rome
Or the castles that Europe has seen.

FATHER

MY father knows the proper way
The nation should be run ;
He tells us children every day
Just what should now be done.
He knows the way to fix the trusts,
He has a simple plan ;
But if the furnace needs repairs,
We have to hire a man.

My father, in a day or two
Could land big thieves in jail ;
There's nothing that he cannot do,
He knows no word like "fail."
"Our confidence" he would restore,
Of that there is no doubt ;
But if there is a chair to mend,
We have to send it out.

All public questions that arise,
He settles on the spot ;
He waits not till the tumult dies,
But grabs it while it's hot.
In matters of finance he can
Tell Congress what to do ;
But, O, he finds it hard to meet
His bills as they fall due.

It almost makes him sick to read
The things law-makers say ;
Why, father 's just the man they need,
He never goes astray.
All wars he'd very quickly end,
As fast as I can write it ;
But when a neighbor starts a fuss,
'Tis mother has to fight it.

In conversation father can
Do many wondrous things ;
He 's built upon a wiser plan
Than presidents or kings.
He knows the ins and outs of each
And every deep transaction ;
We look to him for theories,
But look to ma for action.

POOR AUNT MARY

Aunt Mary 's lost her upper teeth,
The false ones, you surmise ;
And now whatever will she do
To crimp her apple pies ?



BOBBIE

WHAT'S a boy of three to do,
Born without a little brother,
But to romp the whole day through
Making trouble for his mother?

Bobbie, you're a rogue, I hear!
Every night when I draw near,
Mother tells me all you've done,
How you've kept her on the run,
Leaving mud tracks on the stairs,
Overturning parlor chairs,
Playing horse or railway train,
All our scoldings are in vain,
Bobbie, dear, it seems to me,
You are bad for only three.

Now the cat has run away,
You're too rough with her in play.
Spilled the ink well, so you did,
Then you ran away and hid,
Saucy boy — and over bold,
All your evil deeds I'm told
Nightly when I come from work.
How your eyes with mischief lurk!
Seems to me you spend your time
Plotting deeds of boyhood crime.

Yesterday you broke your drum,
Hammered nails and hurt your thumb ;
Then you fell into a pail
Filled with water — that 's the tale
I was told about you, when
I came in, and once again
You took down the clock — you tyke,
Just to see what made it strike.
Bobbie, for a boy of three,
You 're as willful as can be.

Yet when I should whip you, I
Find a mist before my eye,
For I think about the days
You were ill ; and through the haze
I see mother by your bed
Sobbing, and recall she said,
She could not endure a day
That you were not here to play.
So I take you on my knee,
Just to kiss you — rogue of three.

What 's a boy of three to do,
Born without a little brother,
But to romp the whole day through
Making trouble for his mother ?

OCTOBER DREAMS

IN THESE days of bleak October,
Days when all the world grows sober,
And the fields have turned to yellow,
And the leaves to earth are blown ;
Then, somehow, I seem to mellow,
And my soul, like some old 'cello,
Seems to strike a chord that's sweeter
Than it ere before has known.
And a sense of comfort fills me
With a purer, richer tone.

Often then I sit and ponder,
Gazing lazily out yonder,
Dreaming dreams of by-gone pleasures
That I knew so long before ;
And I think how, with her treasures,
Nature kindly heaps our measures,
Ere she wraps the dead leaves round her,
Leaving us with bounteous store,
Ere she sinks to pleasant slumber
When her fruitful time is o'er,

Then a mist my eyes is dimming,
And the tears come quickly brimming,
Down my wrinkled cheeks they trickle,
For an autumn day returns
When I watched life's waning stickle,

And the reaper with the sickle
Came and took my darling from me
To the undiscovered bournes,
Took her from my arms and kept her,
Kept her from the heart that yearns.

Then my soul grows sweeter, sweeter,
For I know that I shall meet her
When my course of life is ended ;
And the thought that she was mine
With my sorrow now is blended,
And I know that God intended
That the mem'ries of her living
Through my life should ever shine,
As the fruits of summer cheer us
When the frost is on the vine.

In these days of bleak October,
Days when all the world grows sober,
Then I think of one who 's sleeping
'Neath the fading grasses there ;
And I strive to keep from weeping,
For her memory I 'm keeping,
And the joys she left behind her
Still are roseate and fair ;
Like the fruits of by-gone summer,
They sustain me through despair.

THE FIRST SWEETHEART

I LIKE sometimes to sit and think
About the good old days,
When I was sixteen years of age
And hope was all ablaze.
Once more the sweetheart of my youth
Comes back in memory ;
I gave my necktie pin to her,
She gave her ring to me.

I seem to see her once again,
Her tresses raven black ;
I seem to see the ribboned braid
That hung adown her back.
And once again her bonny face
Smiles o'er the distant sea ;
I gave my necktie pin to her,
She gave her ring to me.

Oh, we were lovers in those days !
Great things we planned to do ;
And golden were the dreams we dreamed.
But none of them came true.
As tokens of our love and faith,
That all the world might see,
I gave my necktie pin to her,
She gave her ring to me.

The years have passed ; I wonder now
 Who won that maiden's heart ;
For her has life been fraught with joy,
 Or has she known its smart ?
Or is she still the happy maid
 I knew her once to be,
The day she wore my necktie pin
 And gave her ring to me ?

WHAT HE WANTED

He stood within a crowded store,
 His eyes were blazing fire ;
'Twas plain it wouldn't take much more
 To fairly rouse his ire.

“What do you seek,” a maiden asked,
 “What are you looking for ?
Can I get anything for you,
 That we keep in our store ?”

“I guess you can,” he loudly said,
 His words cut like a knife ;
“I've looking been an hour, to find
 Just where you keep my wife.”

A HINT

I LOVE little children,
So charming and sweet ;
Their eyes flashing sunlight,
The sound of their feet.
I'm fond of the youngsters,
But still, for all that,
It's no sign that I want them
To sit on my hat.

I'll fondle the babies
And jog on my knee
The rosy-lipped children,
Whoever they be.
But still, though I love
All the babies so cute,
I don't want their finger-marks
Left on my suit.

My heart is a playground
Where children may run ;
I want all the toddlers
To revel in fun.
But though my heart beats
For each sturdy young chap,
I don't want an ink well
Spilled into my lap.

TWO ROADS

THERE are two roads to travel, one is
 rose-red in its lure,
And one is rough and stony that the
 feet can scarce endure.

One is short—the journey may be traveled
 in a span

Of time that does not measure the usefulness
 of man.

The other is a winding way, a road that bends
 about

Through ever varying fields of hope, envy,
 despair and doubt.

O, brother, weary brother, which of these two
 did you take ?

Are you journeying the red road or the road of
 bruise and ache ?

There is singing, there is dancing, and the
 lights are all aglow

On the road that runs with passion for the
 pleasures here below ;

There are mirth and merry-making and the
 grass looks green and sweet,

Like a wondrous velvet carpet—but the road
 leads to defeat.

All this golden fascination is but gilded o'er at
best,
And the glitter and the tinsel will not stand the
acid test,
For the sun that sets at even with its gorgeous
fire display
Looks upon a field of sorrow when it speaks
the birth of day.

O'er the long and stony highway there are
mountains hard to climb,
There are obstacles before us, there is griev-
ing, too, some time.
There are hearts to point of breaking, there
are eyes bedimmed with tears,
There are warring, strife and conflict through
the weary length of years.
There are hopes, once high, in ruins, there are
sorrow and distress,
But forever in the distance looms the golden
goal, "Success."
And the brave hearts journeying onward know
that all is for the best,
That the long road leads to comfort, leads to
loving peace and rest.

There are but two roads to travel, one is rose-
red, one is gray,
One is charming in its splendor, one through
hard work threads its way.
Over one go people dancing, laughing, tripping
to their doom,
O'er the other men are toiling toward the light
through clouds of gloom.
O, the rose-red road ends quickly in a marsh
of black despair,
But the gray road ends in sunshine where the
meadows all are fair.
Stay a moment, weary brother, ere the light
of hope is gone,
Stay a moment and consider, which of these
roads are you on ?

TA FOOL and his money are soon parted,
but it is remarkable how many fools have
money to part from.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

CHRISTMAS in Heaven! And your boy
is there,
Or maybe your laughing girl;
And you sigh for a sight of his face so fair,
Or a toss of her golden curl.
O, you pine and fret and you grieve because
Your heart is so torn and sad;
And you wish, O you wish to play Santa Claus,
For the baby that once you had.

There are tears in your eyes as you gaze upon
The stockings that once you filled;
And you wail the loss of your baby gone,
The sound of the voice that's stilled.
You wonder why sorrow should be your share,
For this is your day of woe;
You wonder why God should call him there,
When you wanted and loved him so.

Christmas in Heaven! Why your boy today
And your girl with her eyes so blue,
With hosts of children are now at play
In the way they used to do.
They laugh and shout in their childish glee,
For their stockings are filled with toys;
And the bells of Heaven ring merrily,
Proclaiming the Christmas joys.

Christmas in Heaven ! There 's the patter of
feet,

The twinkling of roguish eyes ;
The laughter of children so clear and sweet,
As they gaze on some new surprise.
For Heaven is a children's land so fair,
Where happiness always reigns ;
And never a baby knows sorrow there,
And never a child complains.

Christmas in Heaven ! 'Tis a brighter day
Than any on earth we know ;
For always the little ones romp in play,
And their faces are all aglow.
And while they are waiting for you and me,
And we sigh in our deep despair,
Heaven fairly rings with their shouts of glee,
O ! the children are happy there.

LIKE CHARITY, politeness should also begin
at home.



A BEAUTIFUL DAY

“A BEAUTIFUL day,” you say to me,
For the sun is high and the skies
are blue ;

The robin sings in the chestnut tree

A song to his mate on the chimney flue.

A beautiful day ! What makes it so ?

The gentle sun and the fleecy skies ?

They are not all that are needed, no !

There is more than that where beauty lies.

“ A beautiful day,” you say to me ;

Have you helped a friend who was falling
down ?

Have you jogged a baby upon your knee

And laughed him away to London town ?

Have unkind words on your tongue been stilled ?

Have you brushed another’s tears away ?

Have you left any promises unfulfilled ?

Have you helped to make it a beautiful day ?

A beautiful day ! for the sun is out,

A beautiful day we all declare ;

But have we scattered our clouds of doubt

Or lightened another’s load of care ?

God has sent us these beautiful days,

The skies of blue and the kindly sun ;

But as we travel along our ways,

What beautiful deed can we say we ’ve done ?

THE FIRST MUTINY

THERE 'S a strange and solemn feeling
That is felt by ma and me,
And it lies within our bosoms
Just as heavy as can be.
O, our hearts are beating slower,
And somehow we're feeling sad ;
For we've had to crush rebellion,
'Tis the first "I wont" we've had.

It came out quite unexpected,
We were taken by surprise ;
We had never seen him angry,
With bad temper in his eyes.
He was playing with his soldiers,
It was time to go to bed,
And we told him to get ready,
When "I wont" was all he said.

Mother looked as though an arrow
Had found lodging in her heart ;
She turned pale, and then I noticed
That her tears were apt to start.
"What is that you said ?" I asked him,
But he tossed his curly head,
And the mutinous young rascal
Then repeated what he'd said,

We were lost in consternation,
For we knew not what to do ;
Such a thing as rank rebellion
We had ne'er looked forward to.
It was totally unthought of,
We were frightened and dismayed,
And, abashed, we watched that youngster
Who had boldly disobeyed.

In the end I took him firmly
In my arms up to his bed,
And I tried my best to tell him
What a dreadful thing he 'd said.
Then he cried a bit and whimpered,
And he promised to be good,
Then I stooped and kissed his forehead,
And I said, I hoped he would.

Yes, it's over now, but some way
In our hearts it's left a pain,
For we realize the danger
Of it breaking out again.
And tonight you cannot blame us
If we're feeling somewhat sad,
For we've undergone rebellion,
'Tis the first "I wont" we've had.

HIGH - CHAIR DAYS

HIGH-CHAIR days are the best of all,
The days when the baby is O, so small;
When his eyes are bright and his cheeks
 aglow,
And his lips are curved like Cupid's bow ;
When he pounds the shelf with his chubby fist
And crows in glee ; O, you can't resist
The charm of a little tot sitting there
In the morning sun in that old high chair.

There goes a cup on the hardwood floor.
And his breakfast food he topples o'er.
He flings his spoon at his dad, and crows
And coos with glee as he overthrows
His saucer of bread and milk. Ah, me,
What a tease a rollicking babe can be !
There 's a heap o' fun and a heap o' care
When a babe 's enthroned in his old high chair.

Give me the days when a little tot
Is smiling brought from his iron cot,
In his nightie white and his pink feet bare,
And throned in glory in his high chair.
Oh, the years are fast and the time slips by,
And our babies grow and we wonder why
We must watch them pass through the world's
 wide hall —
Yes, the high-chair days are the best of all.

CARPET LAND



H, Carpet Land is the place for fun,
Where all day long the shadows run ;
Soldiers march on the open square,
Little tin soldiers of red and blue,
Armies victorious struggle there,
Just as the nation's armies do.
Generals in uniforms rich and grand,
Command the forces in Carpet Land.

In Carpet Land is a castle tall,
With a drawbridge wide and an outer wall,
Built of the finest of painted blocks
By a tiny hand with patience rare ;
And it's said that the Princess Golden Locks
By a cruel king is imprisoned there.
And the soldiers come at the break of day
To bravely carry the maid away.

In Carpet Land there's an old arm chair,
The deep, dark cave of the Teddy Bear ;
A Noah's ark far in the corner stays,
A train of cars and a gunboat, too ;
And there is a little boy who plays
With all these things as we used to do.
In Carpet Land there are flowers and bees,
And birds that sing in the sugar trees.

How do we get to Carpet Land ?
Only a child can understand ;
 Only the little girls and boys
 Possess the key to that magic place,
 Where never a thought of care annoys,
 Where frowns never darken a smiling face.
For love and laughter go hand in hand,
In that wonderful place called Carpet Land.

A SONG

Not all the cold of arctic zones,
 Nor all the chilling winds that blow ;
Not all of winter's monotones,
 Nor mountain heaps of ice and snow
Would ever chill me through and through
As just one unkind word from you.

Nor could the warmth of tropic sun,
 Though it were blazing on my head,
Remove the blight that had been done,
 When that one bitter word was said.
No fire that earth or Heaven may hold,
 Could warm me if your love grows cold.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

TO WED, or not to wed; that is the question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The bills and house rent of a wedded fortune,
Or to say "nit" when she proposes,
And by declining cut her. To wed; to smoke
No more; And have a wife at home to mend
The holes in socks and shirts
And underwear and so forth. 'Tis a consum-
mation

Devoutly to be wished. To wed for life;
To wed; perchance to fight; ay, there's the rub;
For in that married life what fights may come,
When we have honeymooning ceased
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes the joy of single life.
For who would bear her mother's scornful
tongue,

Canned goods for tea, the dying furnace fire;
The pangs of sleepless nights when baby cries;
The pain of barking shins upon a chair and
Closing waists that button down the back,
When he himself might all these troubles shirk
With a bare refusal? Who would bundles bear,
And grunt and sweat under a shopping load?

Who would samples match ; buy rats for hair,
Cart cheese and crackers home to serve at night
For lunch to feed your friends ; play pedro
After tea ; sing rag time songs, amusing
Friendly neighbors. Buy garden tools
To lend unto the same. Stay home at nights
In smoking coat and slippers and slink to bed
At ten o'clock to save the light bills ?
Thus duty does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of matrimony
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of chores ;
And thus the gloss of marriage fades away,
And loses its attraction.

¶ A MAN who has never had a cold has no
idea how many goods cures there are in
the world for it.

THE DISAPPOINTED BOY

I WISH I had been born a girl,
A pretty girl like sister is,
With hair that I could keep in curl
With hair that I could daily frizz.
Coz then, when fellers come to call,
I'd simply have to sigh jes' so,
And wish to go to some swell ball —
Then sure enough I'd go.

If I was born attractive, like
My sister is, an' had her ways;
I would not have my pa to strike
For money to go to the plays.
Coz when a feller called on me
I'd simply talk about the show,
An' mention one I'd like to see —
Then sure enough I'd go.

If I could wear a trailing dress,
Like sister does, an' peek-a-boos,
For candy I'd not beg, I guess,
I'd always get the kind I choose.
I'd make a date with some nice man,
Like sister does, with lots of rocks;
Then meet him at the front door, an'
Sure enough I'd get a box.

If I'd been born a girl like Sis,
To circuses and things I'd go ;
An' not a party would I miss,
So long as I could get a beau ;
Then afterwards I'd heave a sigh
An' mention some cafe I know,
Where they keep dandy apple pie —
An' sure enough I'd go.

I wish I wasn't born a boy,
Coz boys for everything must pay ;
There's nobody that counts it joy
To take a kid to some cafe.
It makes no difference how I sigh,
An' wish that I could see a show ;
Though twenty men were standing by
Nobody says : " Let's go."

There's no one wants to pay my fare,
An' no one comes to call on me
Or asks to take me anywhere,
An' there's so much I'd like to see.
I wish I wasn't born a boy,
For boys don't ever stand a show ;
There is so much I could enjoy,
If only I was asked to go.

THANKSGIVING

I



LORD, if heedless we have been,
Fighting the fight the whole year
through ;
If we have fallen into sin,
Seeming to have forgotten You ;
Today, O Lord, we halt our pace,
To thank Thee for Thy kindly grace,

II

Through all the turmoil and the strife,
Through woe and weal, through pomp and
pride ;
Through troubles of our business life
May we acknowledge you our guide.
The prayers that nightly we should say,
Dear Lord, we offer You today.

III

Headlong we've rushed from day to day,
Content to know " Thy will be done ;"
Neglecting oft to kneel and pray,
When darkness hid the setting sun.
But oh ! dear Father, now we bend,
A prayer of gratitude to send.

IV

The many gifts You have bestowed,
Mutely and dumbly we received ;
Grumbling as neath a stinging goad,
And showing not that we believed ;
Taking Your blessings, gracious Lord,
Not giving back one thankful word.

V

But, Father, now we bend the knee,
And offer up our grateful prayer ;
Though we have walked away from Thee,
Restore us to Your gracious care.
For what ingratitude we've shown,
Dear Lord, today we would atone.

ABOUT QUILLS

The quills that poets used to use
To 'scribe their sonnets ;
Now painted reds and greens and blues,
Trim women's bonnets.

SOME DAY

SOME day, perhaps, there 'll come a time
When I can do just as I please ;
When I wont have to fix the fire,
When I have settled down in ease.
Some day, perhaps, my word will be
As absolute as holy writ ;
When I shall rule the roost, instead
Of meekly having to submit.

Some day, perhaps, I may awake
To find the snow all cleaned away ;
And maybe I may stay out late,
And wife wont have a word to say.
Some day, perhaps, I will not have
To match her silks in down-town stores,
And with the coming of the spring
I may not have to paint the floors.

Perhaps some day 't will be my lot
To order and to be obeyed ;
I may not have to bend my back
And labor with the garden spade.
I may not have to beat the rugs,
Or lay an ingrain carpet down ;
Some day, perhaps, I may not have
To hook my darling's dinner gown.

Some day, perhaps, I'll wake to find
 My shoes where they should always be ;
I will not have to search the house
 To find my change of hosiery.
Some day, perhaps, my laundry will
 Come home on time, I here assert,
And I no more shall have to go
 A week with but a single shirt.

Some day, perhaps, my wife will say :
 "I've all the money that I need."
Some day she will not start to play
 The phonograph when I would read.
Oh, then my life will joyous be,
 A never-ending round of bliss ;
And yet, perhaps, I ought to say
 I really don't expect all this.

PRIDE

Pride goes before a fall, they say,
 And yet we often find,
The folks who throw all pride away
 Most often fall behind.

THE DAYS TO COME

IN THE days to come, my sweetheart, in
the days that lie before,
We may reach the level meadows where
the shade trees gently sway ;
We may find the time to gambol with the
children round the door,
We may sing a gentle song of love to all
who come our way.
Though the road today is rough,
Full of bluster and of bluff,
And our hearts are torn with frenzy in the
battle's ceaseless hum ;
We may find the time to rest
With the ones that we love best
When the bugle sounds "cease firing" in the
days that are to come.

In the days to come we'll gather, as we often
used to do,
And we'll romp like little children o'er the
merry fields of May ;
Then our hearts will cease their aching, and
our skies will all be blue,
Then we'll dream beside life's river at the
closing of the day.

We shall bid good-bye to weeping,
Open heart we 'll each be keeping,
And our blood shall stir no longer at the rattle
of the drum ;

We shall dwell in peace together,
For dull care shall slip its tether,
And the ones we love shall cheer us in the
days that are to come.

In the days to come we 'll wander, as we used
to do of yore,

Hand in hand we 'll tread the drowsy paths
that lead to perfect rest ;

We 'll sing the lilting songs we sang in days
now gone before,

And live in glad contentment in the Valley
of the Blest.

Never more shall bitter strife,

Grief or sorrow mar our life,

We shall pass to perfect pleasures from vexa-
tions troublesome ;

We shall dwell as God intended

When the battle here is ended,

We shall spend the hours in loving in the days
that are to come.

THINK

WHEN the clouds of gloom are darkest,
And the skies are black as ink ;
Get away from things distracting,
Quit the sham, the useless acting,
Draw away from all the hustle,
All the turmoil and the bustle,
Go somewhere alone, and think.

When you 're facing problems mighty,
And you stand upon the brink ;
Steal an hour from the battle,
Leave its glamor, quit its rattle,
Draw away from all the hurry,
From the men and man-made worry,
And alone in silence, think.

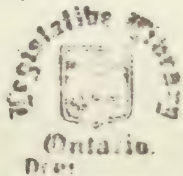
Ah, the mighty men who conquer,
And the men whose words we drink,
Are the men who quit the jangle,
Quit the turmoil and the wrangle
Of the world, and turn their faces
To secluded, silent places,
Where in solitude they think.

A CHANGE OF HEART

EVERY evening after tea,
Comes my little baby girl
Just to climb upon my knee —
Eyes of blue and teeth of pearl,
“ Tell me papa,” then she says,
“ Do I fill your life with joy ?
Would you rather God had sent
’Stead of me a baby boy ? ”

Then I hug her to my breast,
Stroke her hair and tell her : “ No,
Once I thought a boy was best —
That was very long ago.
Once I wished to have a boy
Who would proudly bear my name ;
But of course, my baby girl,
That was long before you came.

“ That was long before I knew
All the charms of baby girls ;
Ere I saw your eyes of blue,
Ere I stroked your golden curls.
That was long before you smiled,
Ere your dimpled cheek I kissed ;
Ere my beard was ever clutched
In your little chubby fist.



“Disappointed ! Not a bit ;
Bless your little heart, I ’m glad !
Love ! My heart ’s brim full of it,
Not a moment am I sad.
Once I wished to have a boy
Who would carry on my name ;
But you roughish laughing miss,
That was long before ’you came.’”

LEARN a little, laugh a little, help a little,
sympathize a little, comfort a little, work
a little, rest a little, and pray a little—these
are the little things that go to make a man
happier in his work and kindlier in his manner
toward his neighbor.

THE BARGAIN SALE AND
FLATTENED PURSE

IF there is a month I hate,
January, you are "it."
I am talking to you straight,
I don't mind a little bit
All your thaws and blizzards, or
All your howling, wintry gales ;
But what I do curse you for,
Is your crop of linen sales.

I could stand your blinding wind,
Stand your ice and stand your sleet ;
And would even count you kind,
Though with slush you fill the street.
But to tell my hate for you,
January, language fails ;
I'll be glad when you are through,
Month of annual clearance sales.

Bent and broken, here I stand,
Cursing you, you month of woe ;
All invectives I command,
At your form today I throw ;
Month of lean and empty purse,
Hear the voice of one who rails ;
List a moment while I curse,
Month of inventory sales,

INTO EACH DAY

INTO each day bring joy and cheer ; into
each day bring mirth ;
Into each day while you're living here,
bring love of the joys of earth ;
Bring never a frown or a useless tear or never
a needless sigh,
Today is the day to banish fear, don't wait for
the bye and bye.

Into each day bring your very best, a life-time
is but a day,
Tomorrow you may be called to rest — now is
the time to say
The helping word to a toiling friend, now is
the time to give
The helping hand, ere the sun descend ; to-
morrow you may not live.

Into each day bring all your love, your courage
and kindness, too ;
What will you say when you're called above
of the good that you didn't do ?
Will you answer you meant on another day to
offer a helping hand,
To speak kind words that you didn't say ? Do
you think He will understand ?

Into each day bring all you can of hope and of
faith and cheer ;
Give your flowers to the living man, don't wait
till he's on his bier ;
Live every day as you would, my friend, if
you knew it to be your last,
Be kind today as your way you wend through
life, ere the chance is past !

Into each day bring all your gifts, for of them
the world's in need ;
For smiles in the clouds of life are rifts, there's
joy in a kindly deed ;
Go through the day with an upright head, with
kindness for everyone,
And at night when weary you go to bed leave
nothing of good undone.

QUALL THE WORLD loves a lover, but how it
does laugh at his love letters.

THEY'RE BACK

WELL, they are back,
And glad I am.
It's good to hear

The screen door slam.
It's mighty sweet
To hear them shout,
While they are
Romp in and out.
And in that chair,
Where oft I nap,
It's good to note
He's tossed his cap.

The house was, Oh,
So neat and still!
No finger marks
On window sill.
No mud stains
On the kitchen floor;
I fairly yearned
To hear them roar;
But they are back,
And once again
Their toys are
Littering my den.

Two Teddy bears,
 A train of cars
Are on the shelf
 With my cigars.
A doll is sleeping
 In my chair,
While building blocks
 Are everywhere.
Tin soldiers waiting
 To attack
Upon the floor
 Now bivouac.

And snuggled in
 My couch tonight
I found, when I
 Turned up the light,
A curly-headed
 Boy asleep,
And by his side
 A fair Bo-peep.
I roused them
 With a doting smack,
And thanked the Lord
 The kids were back.

THE CRIBBAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

IT IS not oft I like to gloat, Will Warren,
you 'll admit,
For bragging isn't in my line, I ne'er
resort to it;
And yet today I must recall those happy hours
we passed
A-playing Cribbage on your porch — I beat you
at the last.
Methinks I see your worried face the way I
saw it when
You had a victory in your grasp, and
I
pegged
ten.

You're at your summer cottage now and life is
sweet for you,
While here I am beside my desk with work
which I must do;
Mayhap today you're catching fish, and if you
are I'm glad,
I trust you'll have a world of luck and none
of it be bad.
But toiling here today I smile — and now I take
my pen

To write about the Cribbage game I won, when

I

pegged

ten.

You had a lot of double runs, the five-spots fell
your way,

The turn-up always favored you. O, how you
made me play

For every point upon the board. E'en now I'm
hearing you

Count up those lucky hands of yours, I hear
your "Fifteen-two."

Time after time you took the lead, but I caught
you again,

That was a rattling finish, Will, when

I

pegged

ten.

You had your hands of twenty-four, your crib
was good for nine,

While I was lucky very oft if I got two in
mine ;

You'd hold up eights and sevens and then a
six-spot would be turned,

Although I'm not denying, Will, what games
you won you earned.

But looking back upon those games I smile and
smile again,
To think about that rubber game, when
I
pegged
ten.

Ah, life is like a Cribbage game, a mixture
just of skill,
Strict application to the game, indomitable
will ;
With lucky hands dealt out at times, and often
bad hands, too,
Long runs to glorious success — but always
this is true :
Results in doubt unto the end ; so play your
hand, for when
Defeat seems closest unto you, perhaps you
will
peg
ten.

BABY GIRL OF MINE

LITTLE baby girl of mine,
Round my neck your arms entwined,
With your chubby hand today
Brush the lines of care away ;
Kiss the furrows from my brow,
In the way that you know how ;
Teach me that I mustn't pine,
Little baby girl of mine.

Little baby girl of mine,
Unto you I now resign ;
Pull my beard or tweak my nose,
Dispossess me of my woes,
Lead me from the Land of Care
To the Port of Playtime, where
Baby's eyes with starlight shine,
Little baby girl of mine.

Little baby girl of mine,
If of worry there's a sign
On my brow, dear little miss,
Now remove it with a kiss.
Laugh my sorrows all away
At the ending of the day ;
Merry moods are always thine,
Little baby girl of mine.



THE CALLERS

WHO 'S dat knockin' at de do',
Who 's dat callin' here terday ?
What yo want to see me fo'?

Tell me what yo' got to say.
What yo' name an' what yo' mean,
Standin' out there in de gloam ?
Trouble, waitin' to come in ?
No sir, no sir, I ain't home.

Who 's dat ringin' of de bell,
Wakin' me in dead of night,
When Ah was a-sleepin' well,
Rousin' me wid such a fright ?
Wat yo' name and what yo' hurry ?
Seems to me yo 're actin' queer ;
What 's dat ? Yo' is Mister Worry ?
No sir, no sir, I ain't here.

Who 's dat waitin' at my do' ?
What yo' want a-hangin' round ?
Ain't yo' nebber gwine ter go ?
Jes' yo' quit dat knockin' sound.
Tell me now jes' what yo' meant
Callin' out my name dat way ;
What 's dat ? Yo' is Discontent ?
No sir, I ain't home terday.

Mornin' ! Howdy ! Mister Smile,
 Mornin' Sunshine, how yo' do ?
Ah 'se been waitin' all de while
 Jes' ter get a call from you.
Walk right in an' take a seat,
 Where 's you' brudder, Joy, terday ?
Jes' a-comin' down de street ?
 Enter ! Here 's de place ter stay.

GOOD OLD WORLD

In spite of the thorn
 That mars the rose,
It still is the sweetest
 Flower that grows.

In spite of the faults
 Under which we plod,
Man still is the
 Noblest work of God.

In spite of the gloom
 And the grief unfurled
For us at all times,
 It 's a good old world.

SINGIN' HYMNS ON SUNDAY

A-SINGIN' hymns on Sunday by the old-
time organ there,
With my daughter pláyin' for me every
old-time sacred air,
Maybe now-a-days old-fashioned, but on Sun-
day afternoons
I call the children 'round me an' we sing those
favorite tunes.
Ain't no music that can touch it, ain't no sing-
in' half so sweet
As the strains of that old organ an' the hymns
that we repeat.
An' though mother's gone before us, still her
face I seem to see
When I have my children 'round me, an' we're
singin' "Galilee."

Then we join in "Rock of Ages," an' "Jeru-
salem the Blest,"
But "Abide with Me," I reckon is the song we
love the best,
For we had the choir sing it, soft an' low, upon
the day
That the still, white form of mother in her
grave was laid away.

An' the Sundays she was with us that's the
song we always sang,
An' the parlor, lit with sunshine, with her
sweet soprano rang.
So we gather at the organ, an' it allus seems
to me,
She's a-smilin' sweetly at us from across the
distant sea.

An' then I turn the pages till we find "Sun of
My Soul,"
"Lead Kindly Light," or sometimes, "Where
the Jordan's Waters Roll,"
In the self-same book that mother used to
treasure and to care,
An' it seems to us she sees us when we meet
together there
A-singin' hymns on Sunday ; an' we know our
voices rise
To the one who's waiting for us to rejoin her
in the skies.
Yes, it mebbe I'm old-fashioned in a-clingin'
to these tunes,
But there's heaps o' comfort singin' hymns on
Sunday afternoons.

STRANGE

ISN'T it strange, with all the girls
We see about us every day ;
Girls with pompadours and curls,
With hair that rolls and hair that swirls,
With eyes of blue and eyes of brown,
With all the different girls in town —

Isn't it strange, I rise to say,
With all these girls for us to view,
That only one dear girl will do ?

Isn't it strange that we should sigh
With girls about us everywhere,
With Rosy-lip and Laughing-eye,
With winsome Nellie dancing nigh,
With romping Sue and roughish May
And elfish Kate, that we should say

For all these girls we have no care —
But thousands of miles o'er the ocean blue,
Is gentle Jane — only she will do ?

Isn't it strange, but isn't it true
With millions of lassies, far and near,
There 's only one in the world will do ?
Only one that your heart goes to ?
The others are pretty and witty and gay,
But they don't charm you in the slightest way,
The songs they sing you cannot hear.
They may dance and sing, but somehow, for you
There 's only one girl in the world will do.

CHIPPING IN FOR MOTHER

IN THE old days, I remember, just about
this time of year,
Ere we 'd scattered to the corners of this
good old hemisphere,
How we used to get together in a corner and
discuss
What we 'd buy for mother darling as a gift
from all of us.
How we planned and talked it over, and agreed
it mustn't be
Any skimpy little present she 'd get off the
Christmas tree,
But a set of furs or something that she needed
just as bad,
Maybe something she had wished for but some-
how she 'd never had ;
We ordered Sis to buy the best there was, and
take no other,
For we didn't care about expense when chipp-
ing in for mother.

It was a custom in our house—we all of us
agreed
It wasn't right to make her gifts of things she
didn't need ;

That she'd appreciate one thing, with all our
love combined,
A Sunday dress, maybe, or else a coat with
sealskin lined,
More than she would a dozen things ; and look-
ing back today,
It really seems to me that that was just the
proper way ;
We pooled our money with our love, and then
we gathered round
To see how she would take it when her
Christmas gift she found.
And then the tears would fill her eyes and soon
as she could see,
She'd always say : " My loved ones, you have
spent too much on me."

'Most every year at Christmas time it all comes
back to me,
And when I get to thinking sometimes I can
hardly see
For the mist that settles in my eyes ; I'm
wishing, wishing then
For the days before we children grew to women
and to men.
And I'm wishing she was with us and I'm
wishing I could hear

Her "Merry Christmas, children!" now the
day is drawing near.
I would like to get together in the way we
used to do,
And plan for mother's present. Those were
happy times we knew;
O, I wish, my little sister, you would come
unto your brother,
For it doesn't seem like Christmas since we
don't chip in for mother.

QA DAUGHTER in the kitchen, however, is
worth three in the graduating class.

THE BABY'S HOUR

WHAT is the best hour in the day, ah,
baby, tell to me ;

Is it the play time that we have
directly after tea ?

Is it directly after lunch, you roguish little
chap,

When you and mother settle down to take a
little nap ?

Ah, no, though all your hours are gay and you
are fond of them,

The hour you really like the best is 6 o'clock
a. m.

Long ere your mother wants to rise and long
before I wake,

You come a-creeping to my bed and rouse me
with a shake ;

And though I bid you go away and sleep a
little while,

You pull my hair and pinch my cheeks until I
have to smile,

And then you straight begin to romp, and I to
haw and hem,

But in the end I must submit to you at 6
a. m.

Across my chest you take your place and ride
away to town,
You gallop through the pillow hill and o'er the
vales of down ;
You kick your daddy with your heels and spur
him to such speed
That leaves him panting at the end, but little
do you heed ;
No sleep for me will you permit, for sleeping
you condemn —
Ah, baby, you are merriest, methinks, at 6
a. m.

And sometimes we have pillow fights and some-
times, too, we play
At peek-a-boo and hide and seek. You always
hide away
Behind your mother, lying there. Oh, how
you chuckle, too !
When I pretend I do not know what has be-
come of you.
And then you spring out suddenly and say : " I
fooled you then ! "
Ah, yes, you have a world of sport at 6 o'clock
a. m.

Though often times I really wish you'd sleep
till eight or nine,
I've found it useless to resist; I patiently
resign
When you come romping to my bed, and give
myself to play,
For you bring sunshine with you at the birth
of every day.
The years are passing quickly and, oh, how I
dread them!
When you will be too old, my boy, to play at
6 a. m.

A TOAST

Here's to the friends that owe me coin,
Here's to the friends I owe;
Where're they are I'll drink their health,
We'll never meet, I know.

WISHING

I WISHT my pa would ast me to
Do somefin 'at he wanted done ;
I wisht he 'd fink of somefin now
He needs, so 's I could jump an' run,
And get it for him quick, so 's he
Could see how good his boy can be.

I wisht my pa would say to me,
The way he 's often done before,
“ My 'baccy 's gone, here, Willie, run
An' get some for me at the store.”
I wisht he would, so 's I could show
Him jes' how fast this boy can go.

I 'm sittin' here jes' waitin' for
My pa to ast me now to get
His slippers an' his smokin' coat,
But he aint ever ast me yet.
I wisht my pa would even say
“ It 's bed time ”— I 'd go right away.

I know 't Christmus time is near
An' I would like my pa to see,
When he wants little errands done,
How willing his own boy can be.
I wisht of somefin' he would fink,
I 'd do it quicker 'n a wink.

THE OPTIMIST

“**P**EARS to me, I heard him say,
“ That there never is a day
Wholly bad or 'tirely glum—
An' I've passed a lot of um ;
Had my troubles, too, I vow,
There 've been times I've knit my brow,
Worried some, an' sorrowed, too,
But no day I ever knew
Passed me by but what I found,
When I come to look around,
Somethin' comfortin' an' sweet,
Somethin' makin' life a treat.

“ No, sir, I aint one who swears
Life's a garden full of tares ;
I aint any pessimist,
Goin' round with doubled fist,
Seekin' somethin' I can hit,
Claimin' this an' that don't fit ;
I jes' wander on an' smile,
Seekin' roses all the while,
Tramplin' down the tares to get
Where the blossoms, drippin' wet
With the mornin' dew, are seen,
Noddin' at me from the green.

“ Seems to me that life is good,
If ’twas only understood ;
Seems to me that every day
Has its share of grief an’ play ;
An’ most generally I find,
When I leave the day behind,
Somethin’ has occurred that I
Feel, but don’t know how or why —
Somethin’ sweeter than I’d known
Any day before, I own ;
Summin’ up the day, I swear
Joy was generally there.

“ Rainy days I don’t repine,
Sit around an’ scowl an’ whine ;
There is somethin’, I declare,
Mighty good about my chair
In the kitchen, an’ I smoke,
Chattin’ with the wimmin folk ;
Home joys have a world o’ cheer,
But when days are warm and clear,
Out beneath the summer skies,
Happy as a lark that flies,
You will hear me give a shout,
Glad that I can jes’ be out ;
Yes, sir, if it’s understood,
Every day we live is good.”

OLD BILL



OLD BILL was the queerest of friends
I have known,

An' sometimes it seemed he'd no will
of his own ;

He used to sit quietly all through the day,
But whenever he spoke he had something to
say.

Some folks called him taciturn, moody an' glum,
'Cause he never took part in their chat when
they'd come.

When the women folks talked over scandal
dead ripe,
Old Bill used to sneak out an' fill up his pipe.

I can see him today, as I oft saw him then,
When the subject would turn to the failings of
men,

An' someone would bring up the name of a
friend

Who'd slipped by the wayside, or met some
bad end ;

Though the others talked over his wildness,
Old Bill

Seemed never to hear it ; he always sat still.

Of envy or malice Bill hadn't a stripe,
When he couldn't praise, then he just smoked
his pipe.

When sorrow came into Bill's home, and his
pride,
A bright, laughing grandchild, was torn from
his side,
He sat by his bedside and held the white hand
Till the angels came down from that wonderful
land
An' bore him away to the Father above,
An' took with them all that Old Bill had to love ;
The tears filled his eyes, but I noticed him wipe
Them away an' slip out with his grief an' his
pipe.

Queer ? Yes, maybe the garrulous kind
Would think he was so, but still in my mind
Old Bill was the truest, the staunchest of men.
His passions controlled as a man guards his pen;
Oh, nothing of bitterness, envy or scorn
Composed Old Bill's make-up; if ever was born
A man fit to serve for the world as a type,
'T was Old Bill who hurt no one while smoking
his pipe.

THE WRECK OF THE PEDRO CLUB



OUR pedro club has gone to smash, we
all disbanded yesterday ;

The reason for its sudden end ? Well,
that I do not care to say.

We didn't quarrel. Not a word of bitterness
was ever said,

Of course, it was peculiar how Mrs. Brown
came out ahead.

I wouldn't say she cheated or did things she
shouldn't do. Oh, no !

We ladies simply thought it strange she won
three prizes in a row.

We all agreed it was the best, our manners
really were not strained,

Of course, we didn't care to quit till Mrs.
Smith had entertained.

We all had been to some expense, and we
believed it right that she

Should do her share. Of course, you know
that this is just 'twixt you and me.

There was no trouble, not at all, it really
struck us funny though,

That Mrs. Brown should always win. She
got three prizes in a row.

O, yes, we'll have another club, I think we'll
start it very soon,
The ladies are all coming here to plan it out
this afternoon.
I don't know what we'll call it yet, or just
what ladies we'll invite,
But Mrs. Smith will not be asked. Her place
is filled by Mrs. White.
And Mrs. Brown, my goodness. no! We
wouldn't have her on a bet,
She won three prizes in a row, and we don't
understand it yet.

OLD

"We've had that chair for many years,"
She said. I ran my thumb
Beneath the seat, and lo! I found
Her grandma's chewing gum.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO
DIDN'T PASS

A SAD faced little fellow sits alone in deep
disgrace,
There's a lump arising in his throat and
tears stream down his face ;
He wandered from his playmates, for he
doesn't want to hear
Their shouts of merry laughter since the world
has lost its cheer ;
He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he has drained
the bitter glass,
And his heart is fairly breaking, he's the boy
who didn't pass.

In the apple tree the robin sings a cheery little
song,
But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing plainly
something's wrong ;
Comes his faithful little spaniel for a romp and
bit of play,
But the troubled little fellow sternly bids him
go away.
All alone he sits in sorrow, with his hair a
tangled mass,
And his eyes are red with weeping, he's the
boy who didn't pass.

How he hates himself for failing, he can hear
his playmates jeer,
For they've left him with the dullards — gone
ahead a half a year ;
And he tried so hard to conquer, O, he tried to
do his best,
But now he knows he's weaker, yes, and
duller than the rest ;
He's ashamed to tell his mother, for he thinks
she'll hate him, too —
The little boy who didn't pass, who failed of
getting through.

Oh, you who boast a laughing son and speak
of him as bright,
And you who love a little girl who comes to
you tonight
With smiling eyes and dancing feet, with
honors from her school,
Turn to that lonely little boy who thinks he is
fool
And take him kindly by the hand, the dullest
in the class,
He is the one who most needs love, the boy
who didn't pass.

WHEN A LITTLE BABY DIES

WHEN a little baby dies
And its wee form silent lies,
And its little cheeks seem waxen
And its little hands are still ;
Then your soul gives way to treason,
And you cry : " O, God, what reason,
O, what justice and what mercy
Have You shown us by Your will ? "

" There are, O, so many here
Of the yellow leaf and sere,
Who are anxious, aye, and ready
To respond unto Your call ;
Yet You pass them by unheeding,
And You set our hearts to bleeding !
O," you mutter, " God, how cruel
Do Your vaunted mercies fall ! "

Yet some day, in after years,
When Death's angel once more nears,
And the unknown, silent river
Looms as darkly as a pall ;
You will hear your baby saying,
" Mamma, come to me, I'm staying
With my arms outstretched to greet you,"
And you'll understand it all.

LIFE'S BILL OF FARE

ENOUGH to eat, a time for play,
And clothes to keep the wind away ;
At night a place to go to rest,
And health and strength for every test.
What more than these doth life contain ?
Then why this constant strife for gain ?

What more has king or prince today,
Or he, three times a millionaire,
Than food to eat and hours for play,
A place to sleep and clothes to wear ?
Sum up life's favors as you will,
It is for these we fight and kill.

And he three times a millionaire,
And he upon the heights sublime,
Like you and me, can only wear
One suit of clothing at a time,
Once satisfy his appetite,
Then richest foods mean no delight.

And so, if you have these, I say,
Envy no man his hoarded store ;
Contented, journey on your way,
You will not happier be with more.
Enough to eat, some clothes to wear,
A place to sleep — life's bill of fare.



FATHER'S BAD RECORD

DOU'VE heard a lot about the time
That father carved the duck,
And how the bird jumped off the plate
And father cursed his luck.
Since then he's never had a chance
To test his carving skill,
For mother always wields the knife,
And mother always will.

Somehow, when mother carves a goose,
A turkey or a roast,
She wastes no time, as father would,
In idle jest or boast;
But straightway goes about the task,
And no one has to wait
For mother to reclaim the bird
Because it leaves the plate.

She separates the joints with ease,
She knows just where they are;
For her it doesn't seem hard work
The way it is with pa.
The gravy does not fly about
And scatter far and near;
When mother starts to carve the duck
There's not a thing to fear.

Poor father says he keenly feels
 That he is in disgrace ;
He often begs of mother to
 Let him redeem his place.
But mother snubs him with a word,
 Her will he cannot buck ;
For she recalls to mind the day
 That father carved the duck.

Thanksgiving Day has little charm
 For father, for he knows
That he must watch while mother carves,
 Remaining in repose,
He's waited now for many years,
 And prayed that she'd get stuck ;
He wants to get another chance
 To try to carve a duck.

Oh, how he wishes that her knife
 Would suddenly let fly ;
That she would make a slip, as he
 Had made in years gone by ;
That she would fail, as he had failed,
 That she would meet his luck ;
But nothing ever happens when
 Our mother carves the duck.

THE "MUST NOT" PARENTS

IF you were a boy of eight or nine
With nothing to do but play,
Would you count it good, would you
count it fine

If someone would always say :
You mustn't do this and you mustn't do that,
You mustn't romp with the dog or cat,
You mustn't laugh and you mustn't sing,
You mustn't shout or do anything,
You mustn't be anything else but good ?
Somehow, I don't believe you would.

If you were as young as that boy of yours —
And as fond of a bit of fun,
Would you like to be told you must stay in doors,
Cooped up from the morning sun ?
Would you like to be told that you mustn't go
Away from the door to the fields below ;
That you mustn't romp and you mustn't swing,
Or climb a tree or have your fling,
That you mustn't be anything else but good ?
Somehow, I don't believe you would.

If you were a boy ! Time was, you know,
When you, too, romped in the self-same way ;

Do you never think of the long ago
When life was naught but a round of play ?
And you weren't told that you mustn't do
The things that all boys are eager to ;
That you mustn't shout or you mustn't run,
Or tear your clothes in your quest for fun ;
You romped and played and you had your fling,
With never a cross " must not " to sting.

Are you a " must not " father, pray,
With a little boy of eight or nine
Who wants to run and who wants to play ?
A want he has by God's design.
Oh, check that " must not " on your lips,
And let him romp where pleasure trips ;
Don't tell him to mustn't do that or this
For fear that rollicking boy might miss
One moment's pleasure that's his by right.
Oh, let him laugh while his heart is light !

ABE WILKINS' PHILOSOPHY

"**H**E'S a wonderful man," I happened
to say,
"He's riz to th' top in remarkable
way,

Folks say he is rich, an' I guess he must be ;
The way he spends money is wondrous to see.
I opine he is makin' twelve hundred a year,
Which is big as th' salaries run around here."
Then Abe Wilkins spoke up, "Spendin'
money's no sign

That a feller has brains. Spendin' money fer
wine

An' Havanyer seegars an' front seats at th' show
Don't indicate greatness. What I want ter
know — "

Here he shifted his quid an' drowned a fly,
"What I want ter know is how much he puts
by ? "

I sort of expected that's what he would say,
He'd said it afore an' he'd say it today
If he warn't in his grave — which he is, I re-
gret —

The quaintest philosopher I ever met.
"It aint what ye spend when ye're paintin'
th' town

That marks ye with greatness or buys ye a
crown ;

'Most any old fool can blow in his cash,
An' burn up his greenbacks an' cut a wide dash,
It don't require brains ter go out on a spree,
An' it's no sign of smartness, so fur as I see,
An' it aint what ye're makin' that lifts ye on
high,
The best proof of wisdom 's how much ye put
by."

An' so when I see some young feller start in
To be one of the boys an' to blow in his tin,
I think of Abe Wilkins and what he would say
If he was still livin'. It still holds today ;
It is jes' as true now as it was years ago,
It aint what ye're spendin' that raises ye. NO !
An' it aint what ye're makin' that singles ye
out

As a man fer th' world to go daffy about ;
It's a borrowed idee from Abe Wilkins, I own,
But it's one that I proudly would stand fer
alone ;

An' I wish this would catch every young feller's
eye,
"It aint what ye make, but how much ye put
by."

THE LITTLE ORPHAN

THE crowded street his playground is, a
patch of blue his sky ;
A puddle in a vacant lot his sea where
ships pass by :
Poor little orphan boy of five, the city smoke
and grime
Taint every cooling breeze he gets throughout
the summer time ;
And he is just as your boy is, a child who loves
to play,
Except that he is drawn and white and cannot
get away.

And he would like the open fields, for often in
his dreams
The angels kindly bear him off to where are
pleasant streams,
Where he may sail a splendid boat, sometimes
he flies a kite,
Or romps beside a shepherd dog and shouts
with all his might ;
But when the dawn of morning comes he wakes
to find once more
That what he thought were sun-kissed hills are
rags upon the floor.

Then through the hot and sultry day he plays
at "make-pretend,"
The alley is a sandy beach where all the rich
folks send
Their little boys and girls to play, a barrel is
his boat,
But, oh, the air is stifling and the dust fills up
his throat ;
And though he tries so very hard to play, some-
how it seems
He never gets such wondrous joys as angels
bring in dreams.

Poor little orphan boy of five, except that he is
pale,
With sunken cheeks and hollow eyes and very
wan and frail,
Just like that little boy of yours, with same
desire to play,
Fond of the open fields and skies, he's built
the self-same way ;
But kept by fate and circumstance away from
shady streams,
His only joy comes when he sleeps and angels
bring him dreams.

SADNESS

THE house is mighty lonely
An' the upstairs room is still,
An' a creepy sort o' feeling
Seems to strike me like a chill ;
Somehow wife who's sittin' by me
Hasn't got a word to say ;
An' I guess she, too, is grievin'
For the kids have gone away.

It is 8 o'clock — I listen
For the pillow fight upstairs,
But I only hear the creakin'
Of our willow rockin' chairs.
Not a single shout of laughter,
Nor a single " Hip, Hooray ! "
Comes to break the awful silence,
For the kids have gone away.

Wife is sittin' there an' thinkin',
Have they all been put to bed ?
Did their aunty go an' kiss 'em
When their little prayers were said ?
Did she smooth their little pillows,
Did she watch 'em through the day ?
For you know how mothers worry
When the kids have gone away.

When a fellow 's used to laughter
An' the tramp o' little feet ;
When the sound o' children scufflin'
Is a sort o' nightly treat ;
Then I tell you what, the silence
Kind o' fills you with dismay,
An' your heart just turns to grievin'
When the kids have gone away.

A BUSINESS TIP

The man who thinks he knows it all
Soon finds to his dismay
That what he thinks he knows is not
What people want today.
To think you know it, will not do,
You've got to have the goods with you.

THE PRESENT

TROUBLES loom up big when they're
 ahead,
And joys seem always sweeter when
 they're past ;

I'm sorry for the soul that lives in dread,
 Each burden new seems greater than the last.
His soul is doubly seared who sits and frets,
 And lies awake with care that is before ;
The happy man is he who quite forgets
 The burdens that the morning has in store.

Who looks ahead in anguish may discern
 The rocky, thorny paths that he must tread ;
The dangers that await at every turn
 Change hope into the dismal sense of dread.
But he who looks about him as he goes,
 And bravely bears his burden day by day ;
Who stops to see the beauty of the rose
 Is ever turning trouble from his way.

So, brother, brush away those lines of care
 And let your heart be light with joys that are ;
Today's lot is enough for you to bear,
 Behold each night the beauty of the star !
Live not in dread of what the morrow brings,
 Nor waste a thought on future cares or woes ;
List to the note the song bird gayly sings,
 And stop to smell the perfume of the rose.

I'm sorry for the soul that lives in dread,
Who views the future through the glass of fear;
Who slumbers not in peace upon his bed
And misses all the world can give of cheer.
The happy man is he who turns his soul
Unto the light of joys that he can find;
And pays each day its just demand of toll,
But shuts the future troubles from his mind.

THE SONG OF LOVED ONES

The father toils at his work all day,
And he hums this song as he plods away :
“ Heigho ! for the mother and babe of three
Who watch at the window each night for me.
Their smiles are ever before my eyes,
And never the sound of their voices dies,
But ever and ever they seem to say,
‘ Love waits for you at the close of day.’ ”

At home, a mother is heard to croon
To a little babe, this simple tune :
“ Heigho ! for the father who toils today,
He thinks of us, though he's far away ;
He soon will come with a happy tread,
And stooping over your trundle bed,
Your little worries he'll kiss away,
Love comes to us at the close of day.”

MEMORIAL DAY

OVER their graves with the blossoms of
May,
Strew them with blooms from the garden of love ;

Sing them a song of remembrance today,
Shine on their mounds, gentle sun, from
above.

Tenderly bring them the beauties of Spring,
Roses of love, there to gracefully swing,
Strew them with pansies and lovingly twine
Garlands of worship from sweet eglantine.
For the years may be many, the years may
be long,
But our heroes will live in our hearts and our
song.

Over their graves gentle Spring now has laid
A carpet of velvety green from her loom ;
Into garlands the flowers from her bosom are
made
And lovingly placed at the gate of each
tomb.

And tears of remembrance we shed as we stand
O'er the mounds of our loved ones, asleep
in the land ;

The flag that they fought for we place at their
 graves
And our hearts fill with pride as it flutters and
 waves.
Though the years have been dreary, their
 glory is bright,
Their valor still shines as a beacon of right.

Their comrades and widows and children once
 more
 Unite at their graves on a mission of love ;
But Time with his sickle still garners his store,
 And many are called to the mansion above.
But their children's children will cease from
 their play
In the days that will come, and with blossoms
 of May
They 'll hallow their graves as this morning
 we do,
With flowers just as bright and 'neath skies just
 as blue.
Though the years may be many, the years
 may be long,
Our heroes will live in our hearts and our song.

THE SEE-SAW WORLD

WHEN you're flying high and you've
coin to spend,
And your clothes are bright and
new,

Every man swears that he is your friend,
And ready to stick to you.
You're a jolly good fellow when you are up —
The best that there is in town —
But once you drink from the loser's cup,
You're a nuisance when you are down.

Oh, many have flushed with pride, as you,
And many have gone before,
And many have laughed the way you do,
But their voices ring no more.
They sipped success from a crystal cup —
Philosopher, sage and clown —
All jolly good fellows when they were up,
Friendless when they were down.

It's a see-saw world that we're living in,
And brief is our span of fame ;
For there's mighty few of us ever win
A long-remembered name.
And what if today on life's sweets you sup ?
Tomorrow the world may frown ;
You're a jolly good fellow when you are up,
But a nuisance when you are down.

CHRISTMAS

THROUGH the hall there comes a clatter,
sounds of little feet that patter, "Oh's!"
and "Ah's!" and "Look at this he
left for me!"

On my pillow quickly turning, I can see the
street lights burning, and I swear it's
not a minute after three:

Then I try once more to slumber, counting
number after number, and I call out to
the children: "Go to bed!"

To my room they come a-piling, bright-eyed
faces gaily smiling, and I know that
every hope of sleep has fled.

"Look at this what Santy left me,"

Cries my brown-eyed little Sue;

"Just look here a minute, daddy,

Here's a dolly dressed in blue."

Christmas morning, without warning,

I must rise to play with them;

It's the one day I am certain

To be up at 4 a. m.

It scarcely seems a second by my Waterbury
reckoned that I kissed those sleeping
children all good-night.

I'd have sworn that they were sleeping, but
out there I hear them creeping, and now
I hear them shouting with delight.
What a racket they are making! Why, the
very roof they're shaking! Like an
army on to battle here they come!
Clatter! clatter! down the hall; O, there is no
doubt at all, little Arthur has discovered
Santa's drum.

Rat-a-tat and pit-a-pat,
They are at my bedside now —
Brown-eyed Sue and little Arthur—
And they're kicking up a row.
“Look at this and look at that!”
O, there's no denying them;
It's the one day I am certain
To be up at 4 a. m.

Well, I guess there's no use trying sleeping any
more or lying here in bed; I might as
well get up and dress;
For to try to sleep is vain, there's a game I
must explain — I'll be with you in a
jiffy, kids, or less.
Do not kick up such a riot, do your best now
to be quiet, please remember there are
others in the flat.

Here, that 's not the way to blow on that horn ;
let daddy show. There, you want to
make a noise with it like that.

O, it 's trumpeting and drumming,
And it 's dressing dollies, too ;
And it 's lining up tin soldiers
In the way I used to do.
It is winding toys mechanic,
And it 's running after them ;
Christmas you will always find me
Out of bed at 4 a. m.

Q A MAN doesn't cast much of a shadow
when he 's standing in his own light.

THE DEAD ROSES

WHY mourn for the roses that faded
and died,
Why sigh for their loveliness gone?
Their petals of beauty are withered and dried,
But their fragrance is still living on.
Whether rose for a bride,
Or a loved one who died,
Or a rose for my dear lady's hair,
It was born but to die,
And it's useless to sigh,
For tomorrow brings roses as fair.

Oh, wail not the roses that blossomed last June,
Nor grieve that you see them no more ;
They brightened our paths and they left not
too soon,
But just when their beauty was o'er.
The bright-blushing rose
Came to soften our woes
And to light up our room of despair,
And the bride to adorn
With the color of morn —
But tomorrow brings roses as fair.

Why mourn for the loved one that's gone to
to his rest,
Why sigh for the voice that is still ?
Like a rose he was born to be seen at his best
And his end was a part of God's will ;
When his brief race was run,
And his duty was done,
He was called to the bright regions where,
After sunshine and rain,
You will meet him again,
Tomorrow — awaiting you there.

GIVE ME THE MAN

Give me the man, who'er he be,
Who views his work contentedly ;
Who looks upon it, not with hate,
As some stern punishment of fate,
But as a blessing, perfect, true,
Glad there is something he can do ;
Who envies no man's wealth or fame,
His one desire an honored name ;
The man who nightly thanks his God
That he has strength to work and plod.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

THE little woman, to her I bow
And doff my hat as I pass her by ;
I reverence the furrows that mark her brow
And the sparkling love light in her eye.
The little woman who stays at home
And makes no bid for the world's applause ;
Who never sighs for a chance to roam,
But toils all day in a grander cause.

The little woman, who seems so weak,
Yet bears her burdens day by day ;
And no one has ever heard her speak
In a bitter or loud complaining way.
She sings a snatch of a merry song,
As she toils in her home from morn to night.
Her work is hard and the hours are long
But the little woman's heart is light.

A slave to love is that woman small,
And her burdens heavier yearly grow,
But somehow she seems to bear them all
As the deep'ning lines in her white cheeks
show.

Her children all have a mother's care,
Her home the touch of a good wife knows ;
No burden's too heavy for her to bear,
But, patiently doing her best, she goes.

The little woman, may God be kind
 To her wherever she dwells today ;
The little woman who seems to find
 Her joy in toiling along life's way.
May God bring peace to her work-worn breast
 And joy to her mother-heart at last ;
May love be hers when it's time to rest
 And the roughest part of the road is passed.

The little woman — how oft it seems
 God chooses her for the mother's part,
And many a grown-up sits and dreams
 Today of her with an aching heart.
For he knows well how she toiled for him
 And he sees it now that it is too late ;
And often his eyes with tears grow dim
 For the little woman whose strength was
 great.

THERE'S a whole lot of fun in this world
 that goes to waste just because we're all
so blame busy chasing excitement.

COME BACK, YOU LITTLE
FELLER

COME BACK, you little feller, come back
again to me

To walk the shady lanes once more and
sail the golden sea ;

Come back unto your daddy for I'm longing
so today

To tread the lanes of boyhood and to live the
joys of May.

Come back, you little feller, for my heart is
aching so,

Come back to go a-strolling where the checker-
berries grow.

Come back, you little feller, Oh my heart is
crying now,

Come back, come back with laughter and the
sunshine on your brow ;

Come back to cheer your daddy and we'll
romp the world along,

We'll scamper through the pasture and we'll
sing a merry song ;

We'll roam the apple orchard and we'll hunt
the honey bees,

Come back to sooth your daddy, for my heart
is ill at ease.

Come back, you little feller, for today your
daddy strolled
Alone along the pathways where we used to
hunt for gold ;
Not a fairy came to cheer me, not an elfin
laughed in glee,
Though I sought the self-same places where
they always used to be ;
And the song birds in the tree tops seemed to
sing as if they knew
That my aching heart was calling, ever calling
loud for you.

Come back, you little feller, for today I sought
the nook
Where we used to rest together, and the merry
babbling brook
Seemed to me had ceased its chatter, ceased its
laughing style of play,
And it murmured " Where 's he gone to ? " as
it journeyed on its way :
Then my throat was filled and choking and
the tears began to start :
" Where 's he gone to ? Where 's he gone to ? "
was the echo in my heart.

Come back, you little feller, don't you hear
your daddy cry,
Don't you hear him nightly pleading, don't you
hear his bitter sigh ?
For I'm lonely here without you, and the fields
are lonely, too,
And the days have lost their sunshine, and the
skies are never blue ;
So I wander through the meadows and the
fields we used to roam,
While my heart is ever calling, " Little feller,
come back home."

PARADOXICAL

" Guard every minute well," he said,
" For time is never cheap ;
Save every second that you can,
But late hours do not keep."

GROWN UP

HE 'S growing up ; our little lad
Is now almost as big as dad ;
I did n't realize until
This evening when I saw our Will —
Who, but a day or two ago,
It seems, would come with face aglow
To romp with me upon the floor —
Stand boldly by the open door,
And say, "I will be back by ten,
I 'm going now to visit Jen."

It struck me like a flash, he 's grown,
And wife and I are left alone ;
But yesterday upon my knee
He sat as proud as he could be ;
And but a week ago I 'd swear
He came to me with tangled hair
And begged me not to make him go
To bed just yet, and pleaded so
I took him in my arms and told
Him tales of pirates brave and bold.

It doesn't seem a week ago,
He had a stone-bruise on his toe,
And came to me his pain to tell,

I kissed the place and it got well.
Nor is it long ago we crept
Up to his crib, and while he slept
We stooped and kissed his fevered cheek,
My wife and I, nor dared to speak,
But on our lips there rose a prayer
That God would guard him safely there.

And now tonight, in tailored clothes,
In patent shoes and fancy hose,
A bigger, braver man than I,
I see my little boy walk by ;
No more to ride upon my knee,
Or romp about the floor with me.
Unnoticed, Time, with skillful plan,
Robbed us of baby, left a man —
The man who 's gone to visit Jen,
And won't be back till nearly ten.

Q MANY A MAN can make a success of every-
thing but himself.

HE NEVER HAD TIME

HE never had time to play with the boys,
To romp in the meadows or loll in the
shade,

He never had time to share in the joys
Or the pleasures of youth — he was always
afraid

That while he was resting some one might
succeed

In passing by him — and he wanted to climb ;
The call of the summer he never would heed —
He never had time.

He never had time in the evenings to play
With the baby that begged for a ride on his
knee ;

“When my fortune is made, little one,” he
would say,

“Ah, then I will frolic and gambol with thee.”

He never had time through the gardens to stroll,

To glory in beauties of nature sublime ;
To sit by a stream with a line and a pole —
He never had time.



Oh, the years slipped by and the flowers came
and went,

The beauties of Spring and of Summer and
Fall ;

All the long, weary hours at his labors he
spent,

The changing of seasons he marked not at all.
The babe at his knee unto manhood had grown

Without ever hearing one nursery rhyme,
The joy of a father he never had known —
He never had time.

And now he is dead ! And his mourners are
few,

And the flowers they place at his grave seem
to say :

“ Here is the man that no one of us knew,
He trampled us down if we stood in his way.”

Oh, think how he'll seem to the good God above,

Although he has never committed a crime,
Baring his soul that is barren of love,

Since he never had time.

TRUDGE ON

TRUDGE, trudge, trudge,
Over the dusty road ;
Going whither you know not where,
Bearing a heavy load.
Weary and worn you are,
Trudging mile after mile,
And you think you are making no progress, but
Trudge on for a little while.

Trudge, trudge, trudge,
As thousands have done before,
As thousands yet to come will do
When your time of life is o'er.
And weary and worn they 'll be
And faint will their hearts become,
And, just as someone is guiding you,
So you 'll be a guide to some.

Trudge, trudge, trudge,
Through the gloom and the deep despair,
Thousands have traveled that way before
To the valley where life is fair.
Stick to the road, my boy,
And the footsteps you leave behind
When the golden valley you 've reached at last,
Some weary brother may find.

THE SONG OF THE CHAUFFEUR

HO, varlets ! bring my goggles here,
And fetch my linen duster ;
A record has been lurking near
And I am out to bust 'er.
My tank is filled with gasoline,
My carbureter 's working great ;
And I will mar yon pretty scene,
And do a mile at frightful rate.

What care I for the farmer's wife,
Or e'en the farmer's son ?
All those who lead the simple life,
I keep upon the run.
A mile-a-minute gait I keep,
My horn I toot with glee ;
And anyone who falls asleep
Will get a jolt from me.

The constables have tried to stop,
With shot, my mad career ;
For loaded gun or mounted cop,
I show no signs of fear.
I keep right on for all I'm worth,
'T is speed that me bewitches ;
The only things I fear on earth
Are railroad trains and ditches.

LIFE'S ROAD

I

WE KNOW not where it leads
today,
Our pathway winds along ;
So pluck the roses by the way,
Like us, they 'll not forever stay,
And sing a merry song.
Life's road is all before us yet,
The fairest flowers we have not met.

II

We cannot see beyond each bend,
But hand in hand we 'll go ;
A smile for stranger, foe or friend,
Today may see our journey's end,
'Tis not for us to know.
Where Life's path leads, we cannot tell,
But still we know that all is well.

III

One day with rocks our road 's beset,
The next on level green ;
We wander hand in hand, and yet
In looking back, we 've no regret,
God's wisdom may be seen.
He leads us, sweetheart ! You and I
Must not ask where, nor question why.

IV

The morning sees us start anew,
The twilight sees us rest ;
We know not where we journey to,
Each bend conceals the morrow's view,
But all is for the best.
So hand in hand, we 'll walk each day,
And pluck the roses by the way.

YOUTH AND AGE

Youth is but a summer season,
Like the sweet and fleeting hours ;
Youth is but a merry frolic,
All the paths are strewn with flowers.
Hearts are light and voices merry,
Eyes are bright and lips are cherry,
Youth has little time to fret,
Winsome May and fair Babette.

Age is but a life time's winter,
Gray hairs are the driven snow,
Where beneath the frosted tresses,
Live the joys of Long Ago.
Hearts are old, and voices saddened,
Age alone by Love is gladdened ;
But in Age you will be yet
Winsome May and fair Babette.

I NEVER KNEW

I NEVER knew how much she was to me;
I never knew how patient she could be;
I never realized until she went away,
How much a woman helps a man each day.
And, O, I never knew how thoughtless I
Had been at times, until I saw her die.

I never knew the crosses that she bore
With smiling patience, or the griefs that wore
Upon her heart strings, as she toiled away.
I only saw her smiles and thought her gay;
I took for granted joys that were not so,
I might have helped her then, but didn't know.

I thought she worried needlessly, and yet
I see her life was bounded by regret;
I might have done much more for her, had I
But known her sorrows, or had thought to try.
But, now that I'm alone at last, I see
How much of pain her smiling hid from me.

I never knew how much I leaned upon
That little woman, till I found her gone;
How much her patience, gentleness and cheers
Had meant to me through all those early years.
How many little things she used to do
To smooth my path. Alas, I never knew!

THE GROUCH

HE'S NOT with the good fellows listed,
He never is one of the crowd;
We call him a grouch and tight-fisted,
And say he is haughty and proud.
But wrongly we judge him, not guessing
The woes that embitter his life;
We see not the tender caressing
He gives to his invalid wife.

The frown on his face in the morning,
At eve is the sweetest of smiles;
The gruff voice that now we are scorning,
At night is a tone that beguiles.
He's a true lover, yes, and devoted,
And brave in the thick of the strife;
Who call him a grouch, haven't noted
His love for his invalid wife.

No nurse is more patient or kinder,
No mother who watches her child,
To its petulant ways could be blinder;
No mother was ever more mild.
Though not with the good fellows listed,
Though never a part of their life,
He's never a grouch or tight-fisted
At home with his invalid wife.

When the Great Judge us good fellows beckons,
And humbly we fall to the knee ;
When our faults and our virtues he reckons,
What, then, do you think he will be ?
The grouch, as you call him, in splendor
Will rise from the wearisome strife,
And the Great Judge will be his defender,
This man who was good to his wife.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

O, you may laugh and you may joke,
And you may jest your way,
But there 's a time for toil, my boy,
And there 's a time for play.

The jest is well enough in place,
The smile is good to see,
But you should wear upon your face
The look of industry.

To laugh this life away is wrong,
To frown on it is worse,
The happy medium — toil and mirth —
Is what you must rehearse.

THE SUMMER COTTAGE DINNER

THE summer cottage dinner once again is
set before us,
Once again the guests are shouting :
“ pass the pepper ” in a chorus.
Once again a plate of fish adorns the center of
thè table,
And everybody grabs at once as much as he
is able.
Now father ’s eating with a spoon when friends
come in to call ;
We ’ve only half a dozen forks, that’s not
enough for all.

“ Come, spear a hot potato,” list to father,
smiling, say ;
“ Out here we always help ourselves, that is
the only way ;
We never wait on people here ; if you want
bread, just grab it,
And if you want a pickle, you must reach
across and stab it ;
Come, dig into the butter now, then shove it
down the line.
You leave your manners all at home when you
come here to dine.”

O, summer cottage dinner ! Would you like
a cup of tea ?

Go out into the kitchen and O, Jen, bring one
for me.

You may talk about your serve-selves and your
starve-selves if you will,

Your quick-lunch eating places, where your
stomachs you can fill

In a space of twenty seconds, but the summer
cottage game

Was the origin and birth-place, I am certain,
of the same.

A TOAST

Here's to woman ! Joy's in her smile,

And Heaven in her caresses.

We love to hear her rustling skirts,

But hate to buy her dresses.

PUZZLED



SOMETHING warm and soft and
white
Came into our house last night ;
Something gave a little cry,
Mamma crooned a lullaby.
Something I'd not seen before
In a house or in a store ;
Something that can't talk at all,
Cannot walk or cannot crawl,
Managed to get in some way —
Mamma says he's come to stay,
Come to stay with us and grow.
How he got here, I dunno !

While I slept that something came,
Ma says Donald is his name ;
Pa just smiles and laughs and jokes
With his friends and gives 'em smokes,
Stalks about the room as though
He was starring in a show,
Bragging all the time that he
Knew a boy was going to be
Sent to our house ; but it's queer,
He won't tell how he got here.
Not a hint he'll give, and so
How he got here, I dunno !

Auntie says the angels brought him,
Doctor told me my pa bought him ;
Uncle Will, he curled his lip,
Said he came in Doctor's grip,
Nurse says he came from the moon,
Grandma says from a cocoon ;
Grandpa told me on the sly
He just floated from the sky.
Sis says he came from New York,
Brought here by a flying stork.
All such answers puzzle so,
Where he came from, I dunno !

QTHE DOWNWARD road is greased ; so is the
path up, for that matter.

HER VOWS



MANY were the vows she made
In days gone by ; I 'm half afraid
To now recall them here ;
I well remember once she said,
" No man is good enough to wed ;
The best man living here
I wouldn't marry. . No siree ! "
She didn't. She just married me.

" I'd never darn a husband's socks,"
Said she, " such menial labor shocks,
Nor sew his buttons on ;
Think you that I would stay at home
To cook for him when I would roam ?
Such work I frown upon.
That kind of toil I 'll never do." "
She makes a splendid Irish stew.

" I could not be a poor man's wife
To lead the stern and simple life,
I'd plunge him into debt ;
I'd much prefer to single be,
My father will take care of me,
And all I want I 'll get." "
That bonnet that she wears today,
She trimmed herself to save my pay.

“ I don’t like children, not at all,
I cannot bear to hear them squall,
 And dread a dirty face ;
Their table manners all are bad,
I ’m sure I ’d die if e’er I had
 A child about the place ; ”
And yet, my goodness ! how she flies
Upstairs the minute baby cries.

APRIL

Saucy, jaunty, fickle April,
 First a smile and then a frown,
First a burst of bonny sunshine;
 Then a rainstorm pouring down.
First a kiss, perhaps to woo us,
 Then a bitter, freezing blow ;
Romping, madcap, laughing April,
 Like a little girl I know.

HEROES AT HOME



UT OF his mouth much wisdom comes ;
his dignity is very great.

The world looks up to him as one well
qualified to run the state.

He seems to be of better clay than just the
common run of men,

And we revere him as a man whose like we
may not meet again.

We seem to think that he 's above the ordinary
things of life,

Yet he, too, has to run and hook her waist
when summoned by his wife.

And he, too, mushy phrases spoke, and fell
upon his bended knees,

And promised, if she'd be his bride, she'd
always know a life of ease.

He's something wonderful to us, we sit and
gaze at him in awe,

But still there is a woman who refers to him
as "son-in-law ;"

And homeward, when he nightly goes and quits
the glamor of the street,

His mantle from his shoulders slips and he is
told to wipe his feet.

I care not who your hero is, at home he's very
much the same
As we are who stand by to cheer at just the
mention of his name ;
When in his dining room he sits, shut off from
other people's view,
He dips his egg toast in his tea the way that
common mortals do.
It matters not how great his fame, like us,
when he is all alone,
He loves to pick a chicken wing and in his
fingers hold the bone.

TRUE

In paradoxes we abound,
Here's one at hand,
Even a simple girl, I've found,
Is hard to understand.

WAITING

I COULD say nice things about him ;
I could praise him if I would ;
I could tell about his kindness,
For he's always doing good.
I could boost him as he journeys
O'er the road of life today ;
But I let him pass in silence
And I've not a word to say :
For I'm one of those now waiting —
Ere a word of praise is said,
Or a word of comfort uttered —
Till the friend we love lies dead.

I could speak of yonder brother
As a man it's good to know ;
And perhaps he'd like to hear it,
As he journeys here below.
I could tell the world about him
And his virtues all recall,
But at present he is living,
And it wouldn't do at all :
So I'm waiting, yes, I'm waiting,
Till the spark of life is fled,
Ere I raise my voice to praise him
I must know that he is dead.

I appreciate the kindness
That he 's often shown to me,
And it will not be forgotten
When I speak his euology.
I should like to stand in public
And proclaim him "friend of mine,"
But that isn't customary,
So I give the world no sign
Of my love for yonder brother,
Who has often helped me here.
I am waiting, ere I praise him,
Till I stand before his bier.

CURIOUS

Whenever I break a dollar bill,
My wonderment increases
At this sad fact, try how I will,
I cannot save the pieces.

IT ISN'T LUCK

IT ISN'T luck when a man succeeds ;
It isn't luck when he wins the game.
Look over the list of his noble deeds,
And you'll find that he earned his right to fame.
What seems to you but a happy turn
On the wheel of fate, and a man climbs high,
Was a circumstance that he had to earn,
Or otherwise 't would have passed him by.

“ Why, he had a pull,” you say, “ a friend,
Who gave him the place that he holds today.
His path was level from end to end,
He never struggled in any way.”
But search his record and you will see
He had toiled by night and had toiled by day ;
And the friend who helped him had known
that he
Could fill the place when it came his way.

Luck isn't a factor in man's success,
Though the little goddess gives favors out
To the man who is brave when he 's in distress,
The man of strength and of courage stout.
But he must toil in the face of woe
And bear adversity 'long with pluck ;
At last when his fortune smiles — Ah, no !
You cannot say that he wins by luck.

LIFE

LIFE 'S no problem deep and vast,
Life 's no creature with a past.
Some would have you think it so,
Full of mystery, weal and woe,
Wondering why we mourn or smile,
Why we work and rest a while,
Why we 're born and why we die,
Why we laugh and why we cry.

Life is not a problem play,
Left unanswered day to day ;
Life is ours and we are here
Molding it in fashions queer.
We the mysteries create,
We are conjurers with fate ;
Life is simple, man complex,
We produce the things that vex.

Life 's a thing of beauty rare,
Left for us to make more fair ;
Ours to do with as we will,
Mold in error, mold in skill,
Shape in sadness, shape in cheer, -
Build in hope or build in fear ;
Viewed from any way we take it,
Life is really what we make it.

A SONG OF JUNE

A SONG of love with a merry swing,
With a heart that beats in tune ;
A laughing eye, a cloudless sky,
And a life that is always June.
Then what need I care
For a greater share
Of glory or shining gold ?
Though my purse is light,
I'm a king tonight,
For my tale of love is told.

A maiden true is the greatest joy
That the richest on earth could know ;
No money or fame can buy the same,
For love is n't bartered so.
So why should I pine,
Since wealth's not mine,
I've the love of a lassie true ;
And the song I sing
Has a merry swing,
And the bending skies are blue.

Then here's to the man and here's to
the maid,
And here's to their joy today ;

With love the theme of their bright
 young dream
May ever they go their way ;
 For the roads of life
 Are beset with strife,
And sometimes the nights grow cold ;
 And the happiest joy,
 For a girl or boy,
Is the time when their love is told.

MY CHOICE

I'd rather sing some simple lay
 And have the world know what it means,
Than sing in such bewildering way
 As those who write for magazines.

A MOTHER'S PLEA

HE STOOD before the judge and
bowed
His head in deep disgrace ;
He never turned unto the crowd
That thronged the narrow space —
A youth, who once perhaps was proud,
Now filled a felon's place.

The stain of crime was on his brow,
And none there was to say
A word of comfort to him, now
That he must go away ;
No mercy would the law allow,
The law must have its pay.

But ere the judge began to speak,
A woman old and gray —
The tears that wet each wrinkled cheek
She could not brush away —
Stepped forward and began to speak,
All this I heard her say :

“ My boy has walked in evil ways,
His faults we all can see ;
And few there are have words of praise
For those who fall, as he ;
But, judge, I now recall the days
He played upon my knee.

“ I see him as a baby now,
His mother's hope and pride ;
I see the curls upon his brow,
His eyes so blue and wide ;
And, Oh ! to see my baby now
That he has turned aside !

“ Through all the years I never knew
My baby, bad to be ;
Though what they say of him be true,
The good I still can see ;
Remember, judge, whate'er you do,
My boy was good to me.”

“ Good to your mother, were you, lad ? ”
The solemn judge then said ;
“ You cannot, then, be wholly bad,
No longer bow your head ;
Go forth ! redeem the chance you've had,
For you her heart has bled.

“ Some day, before the Judge on high,
I'll suppliant bend the knee ;
Perhaps my mother will be nigh
To offer up her plea ;
And then I trust He'll hear her cry :
‘ My boy was good to me.’ ”


HE LOVES HER

HE LOVES her, so he says,
And yet sometimes I doubt it,
For, every little thing she does,
He makes a fuss about it.
Impatient he's with her,
Cross are the words he uses ;
He loves his wife, and yet
His-wife he most abuses.

Poor little woman ! Oft
I've seen the tear drops start,
When angry words that he had used
Have cut her to the heart.
His pleasure now comes first,
Her comfort matters not ;
She is his wife, and so must be
Contented with her lot.

He loves her, so he says,
For her he'd quickly fight ;
And once when she was ill
He nursed her day and night.
He would not wrong her faith,
And yet I'd like to know
Just what there is in love that makes
Man treat a woman so ?

PATIENCE

F ALL the virtues, patience is
The sweetest, I opine ;
She soothes the tumult in the breast,
And breathes of love divine.
She whispers words of comfort sweet
When skies are black and drear ;
She follows grim despair with hope —
God's messenger of cheer.

She smooths the furrows from the brow,
And gives us strength to bear
The daily burdens that we have ;
She lights the path of care.
She bids us turn our eyes to see
The roses by the way,
And sings a merry song of love
Though all the skies are gray.

'Tis patience sits beside the bed
And cools the fevered lips ;
She lulls the sufferer to sleep,
And smooths the pillow slips.
She always wears a pleasant smile,
And always she is true ;
Oh, brother, when your heart is torn,
May patience come to you.

DADDY'S POCKETS

PLUMS from the wonderful sugar-plum
tree,

Apples and candies and things ;
Daddy brings home in his pockets for me,
Ships that can sail on a make-believe sea,
Little tin soldiers as brave as can be,
And toys that are worked upon strings.
And I run to explore them at night, for I know
Most wonderful things may be hidden below.

Sometimes it's choc'late and peppermint, too,
Or maybe a dolly that speaks ;
But always I find something shiny and new,
A jack-in-the-box that jumps out with a "boo,"
A little tin horn painted red, white and blue,
Or a ball that is rubber and squeaks.
So I delve in his pockets at night just to see
What wonderful thing has been put there for me.

The fairies have many strange places they say,
To hide things for good little boys ;
Where they put all their candies and sweet-
meats away,
Where they hide wondrous things at the close
of the day,

Where the gingerbread horses and sugar plums
 stay,
And also the brightest of toys.
And these wonderful places, so filled with de-
 light,
Are just daddy's pockets, I search every night.

A LULLABY

Rock-a-bye baby on grandmother's knee,
 Grandma will swing you to rest ;
Off to the land of the sugar plum tree,
 Nestle on grandmother's breast ;
Mother has gone to her club, baby dear,
 Close now your pretty blue eyes ;
Grandma will watch you and care for you here
 While mamma works hard for a prize.

Mamma is playing at bridge, baby dear,
 Grandma will rock you to sleep ;
Hush, little one, you have nothing to fear,
 Grandma her vigil will keep.
Grandma is near you, so travel away,
 And sail on the wonderful sea ;
Go where the fairies are always at play,
 Your mamma has left you with me.

A BALLAD OF GROUCHY SPELLS

CLOUDS often dull the brightest skies,
Occasionally rain must fall ;
And tears must dim the bluest eyes —
The sweets of life are mixed with gall ;
Of happiness no man has all,
Although contented here he dwells,
The gayest man that we recall,
At times must have his grouchy spells.

The kindest dog may sometimes growl,
And even has been known to bite ;
The man who seldom kicks will howl
At things that may be just and right.
No man can be forever light,
A simple set-back joy dispels ;
Each day must fade before the night,
Each man must have his grouchy spells.

Canary birds don't always sing,
Though sugar may be always sweet,
It is not so with everything,
For happiness is often fleet.
The fairest maiden that you meet,
Whose laughter rings like silver bells,
Some day is cross, so I repeat,
We all must have our grouchy spells.

L' ENVOI

As skies are not forever blue,
As gloom each day some joy dispels ;
This fact I hold forever true,
All nature has its grouchy spells.

THE WHISTLING BOY

Whistle, little boy, for me,
Whistle just a simple tune,
Let me hear your melody,
Take me back to days of June
When, a little boy like you,
Ere my hair was tinged with gray,
Trudging homeward, as you do,
I, too, whistled on my way.

Whistle, now, some lively air,
"Dixie Land," and I will dream
That I'm trooping with you there,
Wandering along the stream,
Where I used to fish and play ;
All the years that I have passed
Will but seem like yesterday,
While your merry whistle lasts.

SILENT PETE'S HERO

WE WAS arguin' on heroes an' the
things brave men had done,
We was talkin' o' the nerve it took
to face a loaded gun ;
An' we spoke of Slim's behavior when he kep'
a mob at bay
To let his hoss-thief brother make a hasty get-
away.
Though it warn't a decent caper to protect the
thievin' game,
I guess there 's no denyin' 'twas heroic jes'
the same.
An' we brought up Old Zeke Perkins, who has
crossed the great divide —
In savin' of a baby he was injured, so he died.
An' we voted him a hero, an' we said on
Judgment day
There warn't a doubt Zeke Perkins' sins would
all be washed away.

All the time we had been talkin' Silent Pete
was sittin' still,
Kinder drinkin' in the stories as a feller some-
times will,
Without participatin', but at last when we was
through,

He drawled : " There 's grand stand playin' in
the things these heroes do.
There 's the shoutin' an' applaudin', jes' as
though it was a show,
An' the hero kills the villain with a solar-
plexus blow.
Now I 've never been a hero, an' I s'pose I
never will,
But I know a man that was one, an' we called
him Crooked Bill."
At his name we fellers started ; Crooked Bill,
when not in jail,
Was the meanest man encountered all along
the western trail.

An', what was more surprisin', Crooked Bill
an' Silent Pete
Had been enemies a life time, so it took us off
our feet
When we heard him call Bill " hero," but be-
fore we could exclaim,
Pete said : " I know you hate him, he was
crooked in his game ;
But he served a term, I tell you, for a job he
never done ;
There were jes' three folks that knew it, an'
I guess that I am one,

An' Crooked Bill 's another, an' the third"—
Pete hung his head—
"Was a woman. I can tell it now—because
she's with the dead.
She was pretty as a picter, but her mind
warn't of the best,
An' her husband warn't exactly kind—I guess
you know the rest.

"Somehow she fell in love with Bill, the Lord
knows only why,
An' what a woman sees in man is somethin' I
pass by.
I've seen the purtiest wimmin wed the mean-
est sort o' men,
Fer love works most peculiar, or so it worked
with Jen.
Well, by and by she tired o' Bill, an' on the
night I speak,
She sent for him—her husband had gone off
to stay a week.
She told Bill that he mustn't come to see her
any more,
She knew she'd wronged her husband an' her
conscience acted sore.
It seems she had consumption, an' she felt her
end was near,

An' she wanted to wipe out her sins while she
was livin' here.

“ But jes' as luck would have it, came a tappin'
at the door,

Jen knew it was her husband an' she shrieked
an' hit the floor ;

Then Crooked Bill got busy an' he kicked
things upside down,

Jes' then the door gave way before her hus-
band, come to town.

‘ Hands up ! ’ he cried to Crooked Bill, ‘ I ’ve
got you dead to rights,

You ’re mighty brave, now ain’t ye, robbin’
wimmin folks o’ nights ? ’

‘ The jig is up ’ said Crooked Bill, ‘ you ’ve got
the drop on me,

I simply wanted money, an’ I came where it
might be ;

I broke in here to get it, an’ since burglary ’s
a crime,

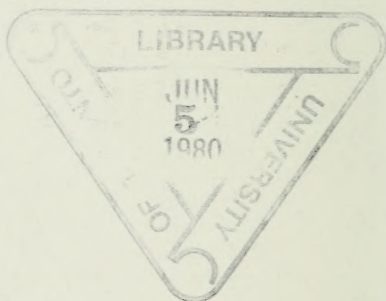
There ’s nothin’ now fer me to do but go an’
serve my time. ’

“ When the jury found him guilty, Crooked
Bill was told to rise,

An’ I noticed when he did so, there was moist-
ure in his eyes ;

‘When a man will rob a woman,’ said the
judge then, soft an’ low,
‘He’s the meanest sort of coward,’—but of
course he didn’t know.
Crooked Bill jes’ took his sentence, though
he’d lived a life of shame,
He could spend ten years in prison jes’ to save
a woman’s name.
You can have your fancy heroes, but somehow
I’m thinkin’ still,
What a dyin’ woman told me of that hero,
Crooked Bill.”
Then he got right up and left us, an’ as he
went down the street,
We guessed the dyin’ woman was the wife o’
Silent Pete.

DEC 28 1980



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

BRIEF

PSA

0024155

01-815-897

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 10 03 05 09 006 3